Week ending October 23 1948

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

WHAT CAN WOMEN DO ABOUT PEACE?

SEE PAGE 5

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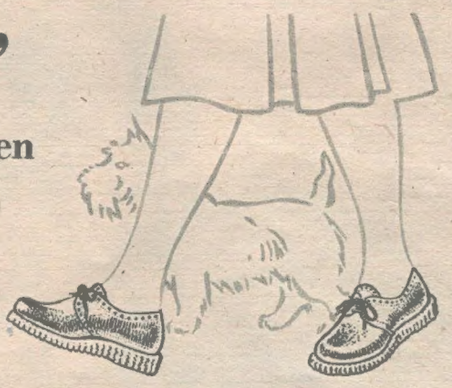

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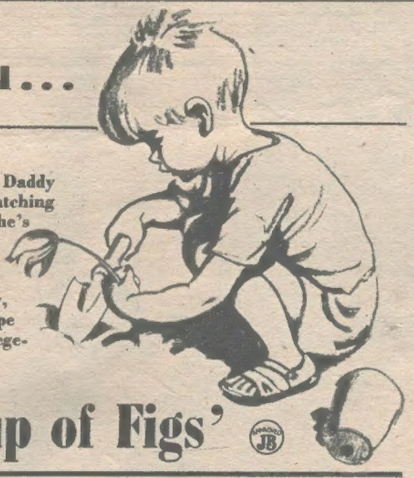

. . . for the little chap to want to copy Daddy — busy in the garden — planting, watching things grow—always happily occupied, he's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put him out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs'. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

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JOHN BULL

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OCTOBER 23, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2208

Speeding to Recovery

WHAT ARE THE SIGNS of recovery, this week, in Britain? In a few days' time a short, agile, nervous man will go, chain-smoking, into Earls Court, London. He is in himself a symbol of recovery. His name: Lord Nuffield.

He can be proud—and so can the rest of management and men in Britain's great motor industry.

The craftsmen of this island are building some of the best motor cars in the world, and these are all on view at our first postwar motor show.

Ten thousand buyers will flock in. They are expected to buy enough cars to obtain from abroad the equivalent of rations for six million people for a year.

Although our nearest export competitors, the Americans, are grinding out cars with the ease that a butcher grinds out sausages, they are nowhere near us in the export race.

Neither, experts agree, are their cars of the same quality. The huge, swollen bodies of U.S. cars make for hard parking. Garaging a Yankee car, even in the States, is becoming a headache. British engines develop more horsepower per pound weight than do American engines. Bodywork, upholstery and finish are better than in comparative U.S. cars.

A triumph for the workers of Coventry, Luton, Birmingham and Oxford!

Thousands Who Wait

THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE to the Motor Show. The old familiar phrase—"*export, export*"—raises a giant groan from the 1,500,000 people in this country who have, at this week's date, unfulfilled orders for approximately that number of cars waiting on the books of the motor agents.

At the present rate of production for home use, it will take the industry seven years to fulfil these orders. That's a long time. Too long.

Meanwhile, there are at least two million vehicles on the roads of Britain which should be on a scrap heap. They are costing about £50,000,000 a year in repairs. They take up the time of thousands of garage men and motor engineers. They use up quantities of spare parts.

We are getting to a point where it would be *real* economy, *real* money-saving, and would put more push into production, if we began to provide more cars for the home market.

More cars for home users—as well as plenty for export—should be the 1948-49 target for the British motor industry.

Parliament's Duty

AN URGENT DUTY OF Parliament when it begins the new session next week will be to set up a tribunal of inquiry into the alleged irregularities affecting the Board of Trade.

Rumour has been very busy with this department. Well-known names have been mentioned in private and in public. Yet only a thorough and candid inquiry can establish whether there is really any cause for scandal, let alone who may be involved in it.

The main point is that all doubts and misgivings should be removed.

British public life has the highest tradition of integrity in the world, and today it is more than ever important to maintain that tradition, since government, because of controls and rationing, now deeply affects every industry and every business.

Never have there been so many opportunities for graft and corruption. Never, therefore, has it been more essential for absolute honesty to be preserved.

If it were not, the public confidence in our whole modern system of state would crumble, with fearful consequences.

The "Russia First" Boys

NEXT WEEK THE COMMUNISTS hold a dozen or so public meetings.

The purposes: (1) to injure the Territorial recruiting drive. (2) To hinder production in most industries on which we depend for recovery, and for better standards of living for our working millions.

One word of advice to young Communists and to others who, if not living with the Communist Party, are at least infatuated with it.

Take a straight look, for a change, at the Communist bosses in Britain. What do you see—men who have within themselves the religious drive of a young creed, who want to make Britain a better country for Britons?

No. These Communists are not men of principle—they are men of obedience. *IF* tomorrow morning Britain became involved in some struggle which had the approval of the Soviet Government, they would themselves readily carry recruiting posters.

Russia first is the creed, the religion, the answer to every problem.

And we have no room here for political innocents who think some foreign elected government is ever-correct, no matter whether that foreign Power happens to be in Washington, Moscow or Patagonia.

Overworked N.H.S.

NOBODY SEEMS TO HAVE foreseen the tremendous rush to get the benefits of the National Health Service.

Almost the whole nation is suddenly having itself medically "serviced." Doctors, dentists and opticians are often worked to exhaustion.

Mr. Bevan, the Health Minister, appeals to the public to use self-restraint and not overload the new machinery before it has fairly got going. We support his appeal, but we would point out that there is really no need to worry over-much.

The only real sufferer from the public's rush to get overhauls, medicine and spectacles is the public itself. If we ask too much from the Service, we shall cause delays.

But, in time, the first rush will ease off and the long-term benefits will certainly outweigh the present disadvantages.

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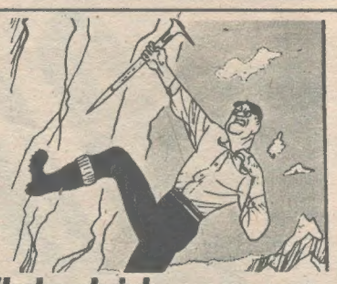

Choke-shrink . . . Jim doesn't know whether to choke or crash! His shirt fitted when new, but now it has shrunk noose-tight!

Hope-shrink . . . George isn't hot under the collar! He bought his shirt oversize to allow for shrinkage, and he's hoping to shrink it to fit.

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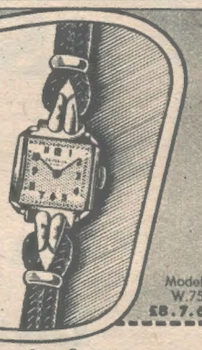

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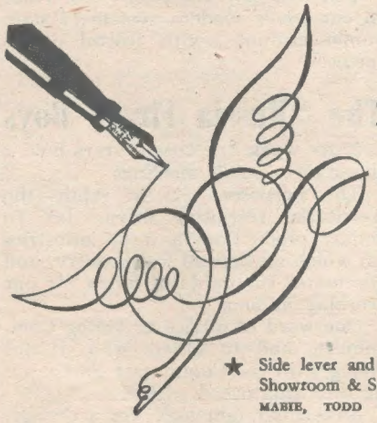

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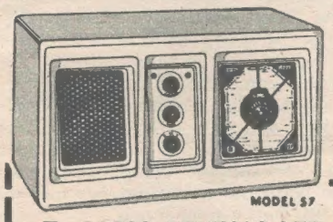

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Men must fight, women must weep. . . . The adage is out of date. Today women feel they must do something positive to end war threats. How to set about it is the problem

by Janet Grey

Leah Manning, M.P. (left) and actress Hilda Sims discuss a peace agenda. Is Mrs. Manning's the right line?

What can women do about peace?

"IF ONLY ALL THE WOMEN of the world would get together and refuse to support their men in time of war—then wars would never happen!" I've heard that said so many times, but does it mean anything or is it just wishful thinking?

At the moment, three years after the end of the last war, women everywhere are asking: "Isn't there anything we can *do* to make sure of peace?"

It's an emotional, desperate question, because most of them feel they're up against a "brick wall."

Women are very individualistic. This makes them difficult to organize even when they all speak the same language.

When they speak different languages, they incline to look at each other with the greatest of suspicion.

True, they could—as J. B. Priestley once suggested—all get up and scream against war. But something would be bound to go wrong, and the result would be a ragged piping that would do little good!

And yet it is up to women—the creative sex—to demand peace and to work for peace. Their horror of war is shared by all sane men, but it goes deeper. Biologically and emotionally they are opposed to war, destruction and chaos. During a modern war, with its blitzes, they suffer three times over—for their children, their men and themselves.

So, determinedly, a great many women are working towards the goal of uniting women's voices against war through their own peace organizations.

Canvassers Sell an Idea

Leaving my emotions and sentiment at home, I decided to look around and see how they are doing this and what, if anything, they are achieving.

Many of the local "peace crusades" which have started up in different parts of Britain have no connection with any national organization, but usually spring from the efforts of women who have been active in local or political life for a number of years.

Birmingham, Preston, Bristol, Epsom, Barrow-in-Furness and Norwich are some of the places where peace crusades are being organized. Canvassers are sent from door to door. They are selling nothing tangible, merely an idea—the idea of peace—and an invitation to join the movement.

Besides regular committee meetings, every now and then a big public meeting is arranged. That's why I went to Norwich a few Sundays ago. I wanted to see a women's peace meeting in action.

I got to the hall some time before the meeting was due to begin. It was a big hall and I looked at the rows of chairs with some doubt. Was peace going to be a successful rival to the church and the cinema?

It was. Well before seven thirty there was a mixed audience of over six hundred people waiting to hear the evening's speaker, Mrs. Leah Manning, Labour M.P. for Epping.

Sitting on the platform were men and women who, it was claimed, belonged to all parties and differing religious denominations. This was to be a meeting of *people* as opposed to *members* of any sect or party.

Mrs. Manning began her speech by saying that on a Sunday evening in that beautiful city she certainly wasn't going to talk politics.

Good, I thought. Now we're getting somewhere. We were, too, but not quite the way I thought.

Mrs. Manning reminded her audience that she is a member of the Labour Party and has been for years; that she is, in fact, a Labour M.P.; that she is not what some people call a "fellow traveller."

And yet, all the way through her speech—admirably put across—and in her replies to questions afterwards, she did show a marked favouritism. And it was *not* towards the Western Allies.

The great problem today, she said, was to break down the tension between East and West. "I have always thought that this country, the heart of a great commonwealth, has a great part to play as a mediating force between East and West. But we can't accept that position as a third force if we allow ourselves to be pushed around by one of the partners in this dispute. I feel there is nobody in this audience who feels happy that we are to some extent an occupied country."

My voice, saying "Bunkum!" to this, was drowned in a burst of applause. Yet I still think I'm right in believing that "occupied" is a word which one uses only in connection with a conquered enemy country.

Those American Bombers

When the applause had died down, Mrs. Manning continued to play on local feelings. It was sad, she thought, that those aerodromes in this part of England, which ought to have been restored to agriculture, should be restored instead to American bombers. "We feel that it will increase the state of tension and inevitability which we want to dissipate," she said.

How you dissipate tension between two countries by saying things which tend to make one of them dislike a third I don't quite know. The fact remains that Mrs. Manning seemed to have the bulk of her audience with her.

That is the danger of some of these peace appeals to women. Clever speakers can use them to play on the emotions of an audience already roused to a highly excitable, unthinking pitch.

I left that Norwich peace meeting decidedly chastened—not by any speech from the platform but by the reaction of the audience. I felt that so few of the people there had been *thinking* as they listened. They had been merely *feeling*. And you can't do any good, either as a person or a nation or an international movement, by getting all worked up and emotional.

Plunging into action or deciding against it without considering every possible outcome is something most of us avoid doing in our private lives. Why do it in public?

Mrs. Jean Mann, Labour M.P. for Coatbridge, showed the other side in the recent defence debate in the House of Commons. She has one son serving with

the Royal Navy in the Red Sea and the other in the jungle of East Africa. They had been counting the days until they would be home.

"But now they will not come," she said, "and I am not going to join with those women who shout for peace, because there is no peace. I say to the friends of Generalissimo Stalin in this House that they have a contribution to make to peace. The first gesture must come from the Kremlin."

Now, what are the large organizations of long standing doing towards forming women's peace movements? I talked to Mrs. McGregor Wood, chairman of the Women's International League, about that. She is a middle-aged woman with three grown-up children.

The league has been in existence since 1915. It campaigned for peace between the two world wars and has now succeeded in creating a Women's Peace Movement. It aims to be non-party and non-sectarian.

Mrs. McGregor Wood and I discussed the project over a cup of tea in a café, and I said to her: "Women are getting tired of talk and want a bit of action. Supposing any one of the women sitting in this café said to you: 'What can I personally do towards strengthening the peace?'—what would you say?"

And she replied: "I would say to her: 'Educate yourself. Read all you can about international relationships and negotiations. Find time, if you possibly can, to join a local women's organization so that you can find out what other women are thinking and feeling, and can put your own single voice to good use by joining it with many others.'"

Then she continued, "Now that our movement is formed, I would like to go to Ernest Bevin, assure him of our support and ask him if he felt it might help if a deputation of our women went abroad to talk to the women of other countries."

The Bond of Motherhood

What of America? There there is a movement appropriately called W.O.M.A.N. (World Organization of Mothers of All Nations). It's an appropriate title, because motherhood—actual and potential—is something that all women have in common.

The outlawing of atomic weapons is one of the points in the manifesto of this organization, which claims a membership of over 140,000. European contacts have already been made.

Ultimately, W.O.M.A.N. hopes to bring a detailed plan for peace, backed by the signatures and support of millions of women, before the United Nations.

My own feeling about women's peace organizations is that to be really international and impartial they must have no time or patience for any "ism."

There can be no peace on the terms of any one country, East or West. It must be a peace that benefits the world, not merely a section of it.

In this country I would like to see organizations like the Women's Institutes and the Women's Voluntary Services forming or joining a peace movement. There is nothing theoretical about their work. It is all based on practical efforts and common sense, on the day-to-day needs of the ordinary person.

But even without joining any organization, women can help to create the atmosphere in which peace will stand a chance. Most women are as much natural atmosphere-makers as they are home-makers. They can think, act, look and talk peace. They can keep well-informed. They can curb that over-emotionalism which leads to war hysteria.

"Get two women together and in less than a minute they're talking about food." That has become a joke.

But, after all, it isn't such a bad thing. We live by eating. And we're not nearly so pugnacious when we've eaten well.

Readers' postscripts on

PRIESTLEY'S CALL FOR A WORLD TRUCE

"Because there are Communists on the Volga and Capitalists on the Hudson, that is no reason why we should be condemned to live in a world in which bombs get bigger and dinners get smaller," wrote J. B. Priestley in John Bull, October 2. His call for a world truce has brought many letters from our readers. Here is a selection

PRIESTLEY HAS PUT into words the thoughts of millions of inarticulate citizens of the world.—*R. S. Wood, 239 Priory Road, Hastings, Sussex.*

HIS GEM OF A phrase: "Persons are sacred, not systems; we have got the thing the wrong way round," deserves to be framed and hung in every home. It is the keynote to the whole sorry business of world affairs.—*V. Parfitt, 27 Pantycelyn Road, Swansea, Glam.*

PRIESTLEY IS AT one with the common man in all countries. Can the same be said of the world's politicians, to whom personal triumph is of greater significance than humility in the cause of universal peace?—*Harry Boldstone, 85 Whitehall Road, Chingford, Essex.*

IDEALISM IS A FINE thing, but it will be easier to practise when we are so strongly defended that others will pause before trying to extend their power.—*R. Brown, 22 Darnall Road, Sheffield, 9.*

Leslie Bate

PRIESTLEY'S views are almost subversive at a time when national unity is imperative. His words are apparently intended for the people of all three great Powers, but the snag is that while they may reach the British and Americans, they most certainly won't be allowed to reach the Russians.—*Leslie Bate, 201 St. Fagans Road, Fairwater, Cardiff.*

THE REAL ROOT OF THE trouble is the lack of suitable machinery for the masses to make their opinions felt. When it comes to a vital question a mere handful of political careerists decides the issue. Before another war, there should be a plebiscite in which every man and woman is asked for "Yes" or "No" on the matter.—*A. J. Welland, 24 Yeovil Close, Orpington.*

PRIESTLEY CONSIDERS that the system which gives us most to eat and the maximum amount of enjoyment is the best one. That isn't the case. There's a spiritual besides a purely materialistic issue. No Christian can compromise with Communism.—*R. C. Goudie, 23 Kirk Road, Bathgate.*

AS MOTHER OF TWO small boys, I know mothers all over the world join me in detesting war, and are shocked to see that we are heading for another one. Wouldn't it be a good idea to look for the good points in foreign Powers instead of always publicising the bad? It's rather like gossiping about one's neighbours: it breeds doubt and suspicion.—*Mrs. L. Town. (Full address enclosed.)*

IF THE WORLD HAS not learned that war invariably fails to achieve the object for which it is waged, it will never learn anything.—*Herbert Bryan, 46 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF civilization is inevitable unless all the world can be persuaded to live according to Christian ethics.—*Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, 25 Stockton Lane, York.*

Margaret Debrey

I HAD TO sit down, despite all my housework, to read the article carefully to the end. It was one hundred per cent! If Priestley never writes another line, I shall remember his words. The pen is still mightier than the atom bomb—and maybe it can stop the drift to war before it is too late. — *Margaret Debrey, 432 Bromford Lane, Ward End, Birmingham, 8.*

NOBODY BUT AN unreasonable and prejudiced person could possibly disagree with the article. But there is one point that struck me: while the Communists say "Capitalism must inevitably decay," it is the Capitalists who say "Communism must not survive."—*Mrs. N. K. Hatch, Leigh, Sherborne, Dorset.*

CAN WE TURN A blind eye on the persecution of innocent people, whose only crime has been the expression of an opinion? We are a part of mankind and have a responsibility for the whole.—*Derrick P. Faux, The Bungalow, New Drive, Painswick, Glos.*

WHAT HAVE WE AGAINST the Russians? We are all ready to fight if anyone takes something of ours, but I cannot see that the Russians *are* trying to take something of ours.—*S. J. Walker, 84 Selkirk Road, Chadderton, near Oldham, Lancs.*

James McLaughlin

WHEN THE hard-faced men want war, the pious platitudes of peaceful folk will not turn them from their object. They will hesitate only if they think they might lose. In my opinion, a strong army and air force will inspire that thought.—*James McLaughlin, 90 Gilders Road, Chessington, Surrey.*

PRIESTLEY LIKENS THE Berlin mess to a badly managed factory. By implication, his solution is to sack the lot. We could sack Bevin, but would J. B. Priestley tell us who would sack the others responsible?—*Thomas McKee, 59 Barns Street, Clydebank, Glasgow.*

IT'S ALL RIGHT when Communists remain on the Volga and capitalists on the Hudson. But in Berlin they are rubbing shoulders, and the friction looks like causing the spark which will blow us all sky-high.—*R. D. Bishop, 30 Surrey Road South, Westbourne, Hants.*

WE NEED WEEKLY radio quizzes, in which men like Shaw and Priestley quiz men like Bevin, Marshall and Molotov on questions which are puzzling the common people.—*Mrs. M. Gardin, 47 Ravensdale Road, Stamford Hill, London, E.16.*

IT'S ALL VERY well for J. B. Priestley to tell us what's wrong with the world, but what can the man-in-the-street do about it? None of us wants war but none of us can stop it.—*K. D. Ellis, 117 Firth Park Road, Sheffield, 5*

IN NEXT WEEK'S JOHN BULL

WHAT A WORLD TRUCE WOULD MEAN • by KINGSLEY MARTIN

So many forms and so long to wait! Yet recent test showed that counter assistants made only one minor error in every 1,900 transactions handled

All these grumbles about the Civil Service!

Do civil servants spend their time and our money chasing paper and passing the buck? Don't blame them; blame the system • ***by Claud Morris***

LOUISE COULD, as she said, boil them in oil. The food office queue snaked into the street and around the corner.

She wanted to collect her extra eggs, soap and orange juice for her baby. At the same counter thirty other people with sore feet and resigned faces queued up for emergency cards. Finally, after three visits, taking a total of seven hours in time, Louise got what she wanted.

She walked up the street, slender, quick, and exasperated.

"Why can't they organize things better?" she asked me. "I know the food office people look as though they are rushed off their feet, but why not open new branches if necessary. I'm tired of messing around."

A few doors away from where we stood were other Civil Service offices. There were many plates on different doors. Forestry Commission. Inspector of Inland Revenue. Ministry of Health.

She walks past these offices every day. Sometimes she sees clerks at the window, chatting affably, or having a prolonged cup of tea.

"Why," she asks, "don't they shift some of these people on to busier food departments? It looks as if half the Civil Service is overworked, and the other half has one eyebrow cocked on the clock."

Is that true?

Our Obedient Servants?

There are now some 700,000 non-industrial civil servants in Britain. All of them (if you believe some things you hear) are somewhat like a tortoise—non-speedy. Not only do they abuse, bully, cajole, and treat the taxpayer rather in the manner of a duchess rebuking her tenantry, they also sting him for £380,000,000 a year. They are the world's most long-winded, yet unpunctual letter writers.

Are there real grounds for these grumbles about the Civil Service?

Last week I went around the Whitehall offices. I met one top man with an Oxonian accent earning £2,500 a year. I met typists, fingers blue-stained with carbon paper, living in Balham and earning fifty-five bob a week.

In the Ministry of National Insurance they have taken on five thousand extra clerks to deal with the new Act. There is so much work to do that the rule is heads down, on with the job, and no shirkers.

The Ministry of Food has about seventy-five thousand through whose hands flow the beef, bacon, bread and butter and jam of a nation. To complain about them is nonsense. There's no alternative to rationing—except chaos.

Any groans about the quarter million staff of the Post Office? Trunk telephone calls are annoyingly slow, but today each girl handles a third as many more calls as she did before the war.

Counter assistants face frightening queues, yet in a recent efficiency test they were found to be making only one minor mistake to every 1,900 transactions. If you don't think that's good, then have a go yourself, standing up eight hours a day, handling money, counting stamps, deciphering bad handwriting.

I walked into the Pensions Ministry where they now employ 12,600 people (four times as many as in 1939) to deal with a torrent of nine thousand plaintive, complaining, often abusive, often pathetic, letters a day. Down at the Board of Trade I found fifteen thousand staff dealing with licences for export and import, and five-inch thick volumes of regulations.

Of course there's waste, too. I asked a staff officer about redundant men, thumb twiddlers, and those accused of wasting time writing letters home.

He didn't deny it. Not at all. It's possible, just possible, to find idle men in some departments like Forestry, Agriculture, Fisheries, Ministry of Supply, and Civil Aviation.

His bleak eyes flicked across the desk at me. "But don't blame the fellows," he said. "It's the system."

Might Spite Himself

An officer at the head of a department is rated according to the number of clerks under him. If he reduced a lot of drones in his department he might cut down, too, the number of bodies required to maintain his own establishment. He might lose, in doing so, the chance of promotion and the prospect of a fatter pay packet.

Now take a close-up look at a minor employee. I had not seen George for six years. He was then in size ten army boots and khaki.

The other morning George still wore a kind of uniform. Black shoes, cracks running like little veins around the edges, dark suit, white collar, blue tie and bowler hat. "I'm a T.C.3," he said.

Now George is no woolly-head. As a Temporary Civil Servant, Class Three, he works with the Inland Revenue, near Victoria, London. He puts in forty-five hours a week, including Saturday morning. Many nights he takes home a batch of about twenty tax forms. He can earn two bob an hour extra for homework.

He gets paid £4 10s. 2d. a week basic salary after tax is taken off, and to keep going on Thursdays he goes over to the old man at the end of the room and borrows a quid from the loan club.

In an age of crazy inflation and rising prices Government salaries probably go up more slowly than any others in the country. I reckon George is not overpaid, because he'd be worth about £7 10s. a week in anybody's office.

If in Doubt, Write a Memo.

His Civil Service day begins when he walks up the steps of a converted building in Vauxhall Bridge Road. On his desk is a pile of about seventy letters. But this typical "Obedient Servant" who answers your letter when you write in with an income tax groan doesn't sign the reply. Letters are passed on to his chief for signature.

The first thing that struck George when he joined the Civil Service three months ago was the extreme caution of the clerical staff. It puzzled him for a while.

Then a supervisor came along and wagged a censorious finger: Answer all letters alike. When an unusual case comes up, look back in the files and accept what has happened previously as your precedent. If in doubt—write a memorandum about the case.

George jokes: "In my job you have to remember the civil servant's theme

Continued on page 10

Beauty in a teapot

—or in a lampshade or chair covering or lipstick holder. Busy industrial designers are making everyday things that are nice to look at as well as useful

by KAY SMALLSHAW

Enid Marx. You've seen her upholstery designs in Utility furniture

WHEN THE NEW "Design at Work" exhibition opens at the Royal Academy next week, the still lifes, the landscapes and the fashionable lovelies will have made way for an even more varied collection, ranging from a princess's gold cigarette box to a new model in school desks, and from a finely wrought sword of honour to a tea set and collection of mass-produced glassware.

The exhibitors are thirty-three men and women each with a common distinction: the right to put the initials R.D.I. after their names. The letters stand for Royal Designer for Industry, an honour instituted in 1936 by the Royal Society of Arts and limited to forty holders. In fact, there have never been more than thirty-three.

The exhibition's intention is to whip up the interest of both manufacturers and customers in good design, an aim which may sound stuffy in theory but is remarkably interesting in practice.

For this exhibition does not confine itself merely to showing what the various designers have achieved in combining beauty with usefulness. It also presents the "case histories" of various exhibits, revealing how the designer met and overcame a series of snags, both aesthetic and practical, before arriving at his final design.

Take the cream-coloured teapot. Just a family sized teapot which almost everybody wants to buy at some time or other. Yet this is no ordinary teapot. Pour out the tea and the spout cannot dribble. Tip up the pot to get the last drop, and the lid cannot fall off. Get a good firm grip on the handle and there is no danger of scalded knuckles. Give it one swish round with the washing-up mop, and it is clean.

And it doesn't look like a weird "functional" freak. With its plain, spherical body, gently curved spout and generous handle, it could not be more simple and traditional looking. The name on the base is "Wedgwood."

Job Took Him Two Years

The first Josiah Wedgwood, some two hundred years ago, made individual pieces of pottery for gentlemen of means and taste. His successor now caters for the general public by mass production. Beauty of form is still an essential factor, but more modern considerations include reduced incomes and the lack of a bevy of maids to fiddle about with household goods which are handsome but difficult to clean.

So Keith Murray, when he was asked to design a new "combined" table service, was told that it not only had to look "unmistakably Wedgwood" but must also be practical and popular-priced.

It took him two years to design the set. The teapot was tried out in nine months' continuous service in the home. It was not until the third prototype was made that designer, directors and departmental managers were all satisfied.

Murray, an architect, turned to pottery designing during the 1930 slump. When the slump was over he went back to architecture and, just before the war, built the new Wedgwood factory in steel, concrete and glass, probably the finest modern pottery plant in the world. But he never completely forsook designing.

Robert Gooden is another R.D.I. who was originally trained as an architect. Since then he has designed furniture, textiles, wallpapers, jewellery and glass. At the exhibition is an example of his "domestic pressed glassware," attractive-looking bowls and dishes which can be made cheaply by machine and yet do not look like clumsy imitations of hand-blown or cut glass.

Glass looks best when it is bubble-thin or has been cut to bring out its light-refracting qualities. Machine-pressed glass must be of uniform thickness to give it strength.

Other problems in mass production are the shape of the articles, which have to taper in diameter from top to bottom because they are made in a one-piece mould, and the lack of lead which gives brilliance to expensive cut glass. On top of all that, the pressing process leaves occasional flaws and marks.

"I decided to work with my difficulties instead of against them," says Gooden. He created the Spiderweb and other well-known ranges. All the bowls taper to a solid but graceful foot. To reflect light from the rather dull glass and take the eye off any possible flaws, Gooden gave the inner surface facets and the outer surface raised rings. The result is pleasing, effective—and suitable for production by the thousand.

Gooden varies his mass-production work by designing for hand craftsmanship. His two other exhibits are the exquisite gold cigarette box for Princess Elizabeth and the Alanbrooke Sword of Honour.

Patterns That Will Last

Another designer who likes variety is Enid Marx, represented at the exhibition by her designs for upholstery. Enid Marx had her own workshop for hand-blocked textiles before the war. She has also written and illustrated a number of books, mainly for children, and done book jackets and covers.

She first designed upholstery for Utility furniture during the war, having already done a lot of moquettes which cover the seats of London's Underground trains. These provide as good a test of durability as any, for they have to stand up to frequent cleaning and eighteen hours' use every day.

The secret, she discovered, is in having plenty of contrast in *tone*, though not necessarily in colour. A pattern with vivid red and bright blue of the same "weight" soon loses its character. One which starts out in two tones of green and one of fawn, with a little pure red, will keep its pattern after long wear and many cleanings.

Combined with the need for tone contrasts was the question of variety in design. If people had to buy the same sort of chairs as their neighbours, they at least wanted to have different patterns on them.

"But pattern was something on which I had to compromise with the weaver," she says. "There was the size of the pattern and the number of repeats on a given yardage. There was the danger of weakening a weave by designing a pattern with long 'floater' threads. There was the technical impossibility of using more than two yarns, which meant having only two, or at most three, shades in the finished cloth."

Furniture manufacturers and Enid Marx still do not see eye to eye on the question of colours. The manufacturers say that the public will accept only certain tones, especially rusts and greens, and will not look at the others. Enid says they will if the colours are right and the customer can be sure that they will wear well.

Some of her designs in grey and yellow, yellow with brown, soft pink with peacock blue, and pink with brown not only look charming but have a satisfyingly expensive air. A grey-and-yellow chair which was tried out at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, though sat upon by thousands of people, triumphantly proved the durability of the less usual colours.

One of her tests for a good colour scheme is that it should look equally well by daylight and artificial light. Most people's problem is to find artificial light which looks well itself. This is the field in which Burgess Read specializes.

Bright Light or Soft Light

Unlike most designers, Read is not a freelance. After art training he joined a firm of lighting engineers and contractors as a director and studied the sales and production problems as well as the aesthetic possibilities. Recently he has concentrated on the problem of adaptability.

Searching for fitments which can be used for both direct and indirect lighting and will blend with any type of furnishing scheme, he has designed a pendant, a floor standard, a table lamp

and a wall bracket with interchangeable fittings.

The centre hanging light has four lamps, each with its own shade. Normally they throw a soft, diffused glow upwards. At a touch of the finger, each shade can be reversed to turn into a reading lamp. So, in the family living-room, the talkers and radio listeners can have a soft light while the readers and knitters get direct illumination.

The same principle of conversion is carried out in the standard lamp and the wall fixture. The wall lamp has a slender jointed arm which can be folded flat against the wall or extended at various angles. The floor lamp is adjustable in height as well as direction.

Shades are made in one size only and are interchangeable on all the models. There are two standard types: aluminium, which will take any finish, and a natural-coloured parchment. They can be produced inexpensively in quantity and are calculated to look well in any surroundings.

Murray, Gooden, Enid Marx and Read all have to keep "fitness for purpose" at the top of their list of requirements. The material, the machinery and the cost all have to be considered before they can settle the details of appearance. But for Recco Capey the appearance comes first.

Capey's main job, in his studio high above Bond Street, is designing containers for a famous firm of perfumers.

He showed me the model of a lipstick container which he is exhibiting. The base has to be sufficiently deep to be handled easily when the top is unscrewed. Apart from that, the only problem is to evolve a case which will appeal to the senses of the woman choosing it. "If I create a lovely shape, pleasing to the eye and to the touch, it will be right."

His Mona Lisa Heads

The same appeal to the eye is the first consideration with Edward Grieve, the display manager of a large Knightsbridge store. "The great thing is to make up your mind quickly," he says. A headline in a newspaper or some topical event gives him the idea for a new display. He calls his staff, outlines the idea, and has it expressed in a battery of windows before it has had time to stale.

The "props" in his workshops include plaster casts of beautifully gloved hands, rows of Mona Lisa heads with feather-caps of hair. Two sculptors and one painter are busy all the time. Grieve's Academy exhibit is a stand for showing bags, gloves, stockings and other accessories. A harmonious sculptured arrangement of hands, it compels attention and focuses it on the merchandise it holds.

Grieve's work underlines one of the purposes of design: it is a selling stunt, a way of catching the customer's attention and persuading him to buy. But its aims, and its value to us, go far beyond mere commercial considerations.

Design is an attempt to bring beauty into the ordinary things of life; an attempt to make them attractive as well as useful. In the days when the first Josiah Wedgwood was working, and British design held a proud place in the world, only a few people were in a position to buy. The designer and craftsman, often the same man, worked closely with the customer.

Today it is 'a long step from the designer in industry, via the factory and the trader, to the thousands who buy the finished goods. The Academy exhibition aims at bridging the gulf, showing the customer what the designer is trying to do, and giving the customer an opportunity to show that he appreciates the designer's work.

A DRAMA GOES ON THE AIR

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Nine thirty, Saturday night. A talk has finished. In a studio in London, a light flickers. And twelve million people relax in their armchairs to listen

AT NINE THIRTY this Saturday night, twelve million listeners will hear the announcer come on with: "'Saturday Night Theatre.' We present Charles Leno in *Once a Crook*, by Evadne Price. . . ."

In a studio at Broadcasting House, an actor, script in hand, will approach the microphone. A green light near it glows like the tip of a luminous pencil; and in the control room, on the other side of the glass window, the programme engineer will be seen to "fade up" the voice into the Home Service.

Another B.B.C. play will be on the air, and for as long as it is being transmitted its producer will be sitting in the control room, listening anxiously. He is Martyn C. Webster, a Scot with blue eyes, small feet, a head shaped like the dome of St. Paul's and a record of nearly 2,000 plays put on the air for the B.B.C. since he joined them twenty-two years ago.

"You never know," Webster says. "Anything might happen!" and goes on to relate about the time he produced a play on Charles I a few years ago. Everything went perfectly until a most dramatic pause, just before the axe fell at the king's execution, when somebody in the control room accidentally plugged the broadcast into a swing session.

Master of Suspense

Webster is the B.B.C.'s crime and suspense expert. He originated and produced every one of the *Paul Temple* series, now in its tenth year, also the *Appointments With Fear*, of which there have been about 100. As senior producer of the Light Programme he is responsible for every *Dick Barton*, and for each thrilling and gory interlude that adds up towards the B.B.C.'s drama output of 1,000 plays a year.

This week's radio drama, *Once a Crook*, runs for eighty minutes on the air, but preparation for broadcasting it began months ago when the Booking Department bought the radio rights. Payments vary according to place in the programme, standing of the author, and length of the play. Usual rate is a guinea a minute.

The script, having been adapted for radio, is mimeographed into fifty copies for circulation to various departments which note and vet, file and cross-file.

Meanwhile, a preliminary casting has been sent to the Finance Department, which estimates the cost. Stage top-liners get up to fifty guineas for a performance, doubled if the play is reproduced in an overseas programme.

Scripts are distributed to the cast about ten days before production date. Actors report for the first rehearsal two days before the show goes on the air. In the morning they read their lines and discuss the way Webster wants the parts played.

In the afternoon they move into a studio and go through the scenes piecemeal before a live mike, with Webster observing the effect from the control room.

Some producers never leave the control room during rehearsals, directing entirely by loudspeaker to the studio. Webster prefers the personal touch. He makes notes on his script in the control room while his secretary times every page, then goes to the studio at the end of each scene and makes his comments to the players personally.

Though the actors read from scripts and are unseen by the audience, Webster maintains that radio acting demands as much from the player as acting for stage or screen. The audience, listening, as it were, with its eyes shut, can spot in a moment the false intonation which reveals that an actor is not living his part. The tongue in the cheek can be heard even if it cannot be seen.

Martyn Webster claims that radio acting is not as mechanical and soulless as film acting, and it does not have the monotony of the long stage run. Monotony, indeed, is the first snag which the radio producer has to watch for. To help vary pace and pitch, Webster plots the movement of his characters round the mike, adding as much "business" as possible, so that the actors are never merely reading their lines.

The Man at the Controls

For technical advice he relies on the programme engineer, usually Freddie Bell, who, like Webster, has been with the B.B.C. for twenty-two years.

Bell sits at the mixing panel, a grey, sleek affair like a cocktail cabinet with knobs on. One knob is allotted to each of the four mikes in the studio, others control gramophone effects, narrator and announcer, echo and group effects.

Once the play goes on the air it passes out of Webster's hands, except for tic-tac signals between himself and the players to speed up or slow down the action.

Freddie Bell's eyes are on his script, on the mike, on the two effects girls and on his meter needle, flicking with every inflection of voice. He is blending, "fading out" one scene, pausing, "fading up" into another on a different acoustic.

There are two effects girls, one on the gramophone in the control room (she's called "Grams") and another in the studio (she's called "Spot"). "Grams" provides background music and recorded effects such as crowds, jeering laughter, cars (running, ticking over, braking), clock chimes and any aspect of the weather. "Spot" opens and shuts doors, tinkles ice in a glass, crashes furniture, strikes matches, rings door bells and dials numbers on telephones.

Like an Operating Theatre

After rehearsing all day Saturday, Webster breaks to give his cast time for dinner in the B.B.C. canteen before they reassemble for the final run-through with full effects just before the broadcast.

At 9.20 p.m. this Saturday a couple of engineers will test the studio thoroughly. The atmosphere will be not unlike that in an operating theatre when the staff nurse is laying out the instruments, the anaesthetist testing his apparatus, and the surgeons washing their hands.

Freddie Bell will get in touch with the main control room to check his sound levels. "Grams" will have her script beside her and her records placed in the correct order. "Spot" will signal an O.K. that her props are complete.

Richard Williams, as Inspector Marsh of Scotland Yard, will walk up to the microphone, ready to dictate a letter. A red light on the wall will begin to flicker as the preceding programme in the service is coming to an end.

The red light will stop flickering and glow steadily. The announcer will come in with: "'Saturday Night Theatre.' We present. . . ." The 12,000,000 listeners will settle back into chairs and sofas, and *Once a Crook* will be on the air.

Studio rehearsal: Martyn C. Webster makes notes in control room, as actors go through parts. At mixing panel is engineer Freddie Bell

ALL THESE GRUMBLES ABOUT THE CIVIL SERVICE!

Continued from page 7

song: 'No, no, a thousand times no. I'd rather die than say yes!'"

If he writes a memorandum it goes, not only to the man to whom it is addressed, but also to four or five other officials in his department. No action can take place until all comments are received back. In some cases that takes weeks. Ten months to answer a ticklish query is no unusual thing.

Every Friday each clerk fills in a report on the number of letters still awaiting attention. Each clerk is, on an average, one hundred and fifty letters behind. George pointed out to me that a taxpayer's letter received on the morning I saw him might not be dealt with for six weeks.

File for Each Man

One big industrial firm whose affairs are dealt with in George's department has ten thousand employees. Each employee has a separate file. As many as sixty tax appeals, complaints, inquiries and protests, pour in per day. Total Civil Service staff to deal with the affairs and worries of ten thousand people: only three.

You need a spongelike memory, George told me. You need an addometer mind. You need a golden patience.

One mail clerk, a deceptively quiet young man, but with a lot of grouses curled up inside him, sorts and pigeonholes twelve thousand letters a morning. He dispatches mailbags to tax offices all over Britain. Last week he suddenly exploded. He bundled half the unsorted mail into the Manchester sack and dispatched it.

"I'm nearly nuts," he said. "I'm glad for once I've managed to blow up."

Bureaucracy had busted one of its safety valves. But he was sacked an hour later.

There are now nearly a quarter of a million "sackable," or temporary, civil servants. The rest, all the permanents, are there for life, unless by mischance they steal, perjure, or get dragged into a police court. As his permanent motto, every good civil servant must adopt one word: caution.

In Whitehall I went along to see one of the Principal Secretaries of the Civil Service. Surely, I asked him, all this undue caution wastes a lot of time?

"It does," he said. "But every civil servant has to think, not only about the recipient of a letter, but about the possibility of a row cropping up over the contents. He puts down more than is really necessary on paper, so that he has full defences ready."

The chap who slips up, and leaves a loophole, or costs the department money, gets rapped on the knuckles. Later on, when the time comes for promotion, the word "unsafe" is scribbled across his application paper.

Yet another reason for caution is the "P.Q." — short for Parliamentary Question. Down in the House of Commons an M.P. told me that in an average session ten thousand questions are asked. All these must be answered by civil servants. Answers have to come out of files which may be weeks, months, or years old.

Of course, if you have to keep your eye open for trouble before it comes, then words like enterprise and initiative get waylaid in the filing system.

The Permanent Secretary at the War Office, Sir Eric Speed, now keeps in his department files which weigh over two thousand tons and stretch over about fifteen miles of shelves. Sir John Henry Woods, the top boss of the Board of Trade, used to get forty-five thousand letters a month prewar, all of which had to be filed. Now he gets one and a quarter million letters a month, and the filing still goes on.

How can you improve this sort of thing? A member of the Civil Service Clerical Association said: "The whole system could be improved if the Civil Service adopted a system like some of the big insurance companies and paid up and looked pleasant on small claims. I know an instance where a man wrote eight letters of long, involved, argumentative correspondence in order to dispute a claim for three and ninepence."

Unfortunately—as yet—Civil Service heads don't realize that they might dispense with miles of files and stacks of facts if they only trusted the public more.

After all, once you do catch a cheat, there are stiff legal penalties which can be applied.

What of promotion? Here, too, the system clogs down the enterprising man and gives more than average chance to the fellows who can stall successfully, play safe, and who make fewest mistakes. Young men coming in with zest and go, and who might rise to top ranks, get vitality squeezed out of them.

Ten or fifteen years on routine work, never taking a lone decision, taught to avoid responsibility, is enough to squash originality in any man.

Pay is so low that the best men of many grades are tempted out into business life. The exodus of real brains is frightening. In higher grades, officers don't get enough money to be able to meet as equals men whom they now come in contact with on the new boards and in business.

Takes His Work Home

One £1,000-a-year man explained his position. He said that he lived in Berkhamsted. Under latest fare increases his rail season ticket had jumped in price from £8 13s. a quarter to roughly £10 10s. He had three children. His eldest girl of ten goes to a local high school at fifteen guineas a term, compared with four guineas prewar.

He said it embarrassed him to have to return hospitality offered by executives of the Coal Board and of B.O.A.C.

He took twenty minutes off for lunch each day—no two-hour sessions in the West End for him. He reckoned he put in from sixty to seventy hours a week, and often carried home a bag of documents that kept him at it till one o'clock in the morning.

If understaffing is one reason for creakiness in the Civil Service administrative machine, certainly the spreadover of offices is another. Departments which were once concentrated along the broad highway of Whitehall are now spread over forty buildings in all parts of London.

One office in Chelsea may have the records A to L, but it is just too bad if you have to look up a record in M to Z, which rests in an office in Hampstead. Endless manhours are wasted sending documents from one department to another.

It all adds up to a picture of pettiness and frustration. But the Civil Service has always been behind time in recognizing the need for self improvement. It didn't give up pen and ink until a decade after typewriters were clicking away in the business world.

Up till 190 years ago it kept all its accounts in Latin. It resisted telephones for years. Even shorthand was condemned long after thousands of people were pupils of Isaac Pitman.

Businessmen who complain of red tape (incidentally, white tape is now used to tie up Government documents) are often, of course, making a groan against the large measures of social reform now being introduced through the Civil Service.

But all sides of the Service are now united in agreement that it is about time that the people who handle the legislation for the nation should, themselves, get a legislative new deal.

The Civil Service needs a six-point reorganization plan:

1. Salaries, especially in lower grades, must be brought to the level of decent commercial rates paid outside.
2. Promotion must be speedier for the best men.
3. We need to be able to change Civil Service personnel more quickly, to meet needs as they arise. We must brand as archaic the system whereby a man in charge of an office gets, or keeps, his official position by the number of "bodies" he succeeds in holding on his staff.
4. Outdated filing systems need clearing out. One efficiency expert says that a thousand pounds spent in each office on files would be repaid, in a matter of a month or so, by labour and headaches saved.
5. Save time by paying small claims, mostly from harassed, "small people," without fuss, bother or debate.
6. Keep down the number of forms. Most private businesses need forms, too, but they keep the number to a bare necessity, and periodically check their growth. Efficiency experts say that we might do away with about a third of the small forms in triplicate which hamper small businessmen.

Graft Rules Abroad

Now, a bouquet, for the harassed 700,000. Our basic problem is to make these changes, while at the same time preserving the quality of the Service. If the reader happens to be one of those who curse the Civil Service as "pay roll boys," "bloated bureaucrats," or "tax-eaters," let him remember the following:

I have seen the French Civil Service at work. In France and other European countries accusations of "graft" are common, not exceptional. The Civil Service, its little men speaking out of the corner of their mouths, have become part of the black market. "Want a bit of timber, Monsieur?—see me in the café at five o'clock, around the corner."

I have been to the U.S.A., where customs and excise officials deal with incoming guests of the country something like Al Capone about to extract "protection" from a terrified citizen. In most of the forty-eight states of the American union Civil Service jobs are sold by politicians to their pals on election day.

Here in Britain there's plenty that's wrong, but even the luxury of grumbling at civil servants and form filling is a kind of British tradition, like beefing about the weather. Yet we'd rather do that than have a Civil Service we couldn't trust.

Let's keep in mind that the men of Whitehall, and their staffs all over the country, have integrity, soundness, and a character that is, in many ways, almost an expression of the British character in terms of administration.

But the sad fact is that this administrative machine is still geared to the horse-and buggy, instead of the power age. Sir Edward Bridges, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and head of our Civil Service machine, should make immediate plans for reorganization according to the imperatives of 1948, instead of the needs of 1938. Members of Parliament should spur him on. *Now!*

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Break It Up!

THE English language was enriched this week by the invention of a new word! A group of us had met to discuss a difficult business problem, but all our talk didn't seem to bring us any nearer a solution.

"I think," said someone at the end of an hour's wrangling, "we'd better adjourn. We shan't do any more good today. We've got too 'worrified'!"

Now that is a most expressive word. It describes exactly the state many of us get into when we're up against stiff problems. We lose the main thread in a welter of irrelevant detail.

And once you've become "worrified" there's only one thing to do. Forget it for the time being. Go into a different atmosphere. Give your mind time to get back on to the main path.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Take this, Miss Pindleleaf"

Arab Refugees Dread This Winter

Strife in Palestine has driven 400,000 Arabs from their homes. They are the new refugees. Shelter given by crude tents and olive trees cannot ward off death once the desert winter sets in ● ***by David Curnock***

Arab victims of war in 1948: so far, Bernadotte's appeal to the outer world has met with little response

IN PALESTINE, before the end of October, the cold winds cut across the desert like a knife. The Arabs can tell, almost to a day, when autumn weather will break and the winter set in.

In the highlands of the Holy Land it is bitterly cold. Adequate shelter, warm clothing and sustaining food are essential to get through the winter. In the lowlands it is warmer, but there is always the threat of malaria epidemics.

Usually the Arabs can face up to the hard winter. But this year there are nearly 400,000 people, three-quarters of them children, pregnant women and nursing mothers, and another ten per cent aged and infirm, who are hopelessly and totally unprepared for the winter. Some 7,000 of them are Jewish; the remainder Palestinian Arabs—from Jaffa, Haifa, Acre, Ramleh, Lydda.

These people have been driven from their homes by the war in Palestine. They are without food, shelter, clothing or medical necessities.

In Palestine and Transjordan together there are nearly 250,000 refugees. In the Transjordan capital, Amman, alone, there are thousands. King Abdullah has organized what help he can, but the problem is overpowering for the tiny country. Transjordan has a total population of 400,000 people. Its predicament is the same as that which Britain would face if there were a sudden influx of 8,000,000 people into this country.

Amman is packed tight with refugees. They crouch in doorways, lie in the gutters, sleep in buses, in schools, in the fields, and even in the graveyards. They wait for their pittance of bread and beaker of water. Many are too weak to move.

Grouped around the Greek Orthodox Patriarchate in Amman are some hundreds of families from Jaffa and Ramleh. Some have shelter—of a type. Others have nothing but the ground on which they lie.

One woman stands outside a tent made of sackcloth. Inside, the floor of dirt and stone is covered with reed mats. Bedding is piled neatly on one side. Hers is one of the more fortunate families.

Bundle is a Baby

They came from Jaffa, where the husband was a small merchant whose business prospered until the day when they fled from the war-ravaged town. The house in which they used to live is now a heap of rubble, and the merchant and his two elder sons are prisoners of war.

Living in the sacking tent today are the mother and two daughters. On the floor is a tiny bundle hardly bigger than your hand. It is the youngest son.

"He is sick," says the mother. She pleads for medicine.

When she is told there is no medicine, she collapses. With tears running down her cheeks she tells her story in staccato Arabic.

"We have no milk. Our house is gone and our men are gone. We came here in a truck. We are trying to help ourselves. My daughters keep the tent clean like a house."

And she is one of the luckier ones.

In the rock caves around the ruined Roman theatre at Amman are hundreds more families, mostly from Lydda. Some had been shopkeepers, and managed to get a few things away. These are pooled for communal use.

From Amman you go through the deep gorges of the Jordan Valley, across the Allenby Bridge which marks the boundary of Transjordan, and so into Palestine itself. Jericho is snugly tucked away 300 feet below sea level.

A few months ago Jericho was a quiet, picturesque little village. Today it is the centre of 10,000 refugees. When winds and rain sweep across the plain above and around Ramallah, Bin Zeit and Nablus, 200,000 more refugees will come down into Jericho to seek comparative warmth despite the risk of malaria and other diseases.

The hillside from Bin Zeit to Jifha is lined with rows upon rows of olive trees. Under each tree a family is living. Some have blankets and others sacking thrown over branches.

Under one tree is a peasant woman from Jaffa. In a rough cradle of boxes is a pair of newly-born girl twins. The mother fans them continually to keep off the flies. They are dressed in strips of cloth which the woman has torn from her own clothing. She gave birth to the twins on the roadside from Jaffa.

In Ramallah, some ten miles north of Jerusalem, the normal population of 50,000 has been swollen to 150,000 by refugees. Families have lived in the open for months on three-and-a-half ounces of bread and a pint of water a day. Mothers have no milk for their children. There is no water for washing.

Local doctors and welfare workers are attempting to stave off disease, attend pregnant mothers, or relieve the sufferings of the infirm. But one man cannot answer a thousand calls a day, even if the medical supplies are available. In August forty-nine confirmed cases of typhoid were notified. Today the position is far worse.

Before the winter is over Ramallah will be a town of the dead unless help comes immediately. Babies are being abandoned on the roadside because there is no milk for them as the families push on desperately in search of food and shelter for the winter.

Rowed to Safety

In Syria and Lebanon the situation is better than that in Palestine or Transjordan. Some sort of cover has been found for most of the refugees. Of those who took shelter in Beirut, many had trekked across North Palestine from Jerusalem; others had come into the port clinging like flies to the tiny coastal steamers from Jaffa or Haifa. Some came in tiny rowing boats; and some never reached the port at all.

The Arab States have already spent hundreds of thousands of pounds on relief. Transjordan is spending £8,000 a day on bread alone. In Lebanon, £20,000 was raised by public subscription in a few days.

But the problem is too big for the Arab States alone. Count Bernadotte, in his last report to the United Nations, said: "The choice is between saving the lives of thousands of people now, or permitting them to die."

He recommended that the Arab refugees be allowed to return to their homes in Jewish-controlled Palestine, but the recommendation is difficult to implement. Apart from the Arab fear of violence, many of the refugees' homes have been occupied by Jewish immigrants or have been destroyed.

Neither would it provide an immediate solution to the problem. For that reason, Count Bernadotte launched an international appeal for help. He asked twenty-four nations for cereals to be diverted to Beirut for distribution throughout the Arab States. He asked twenty-nine other countries to help by way of supplies or funds.

It's Now or Never

In spite of the urgent need, the call for help has not, as yet, proved very successful. The British Government has already given £100,000 for tentage and medical supplies, but the total of help from all sources barely scratches the surface of the need.

Brigadier Iltyd Clayton, retiring British Government adviser to the Middle East Office on Arab Affairs, has declared: "If a very large measure of outside aid is not forthcoming by the end of October, there are unlikely to be many refugees to worry about by the spring."

Meanwhile, winter has come to the fringes of the Holy Land. Women and children lie under the olive trees in the rain. They have neither warm clothing nor adequate food. The wind whips through the branches and plucks at the tattered sacking overhead.

Birthday Party

by A. A. MILNE

After all, a man didn't become father of a son and heir every day of the week. This called for something special, a slap-up celebration with champagne and all

"This, darling," said the big man,

DAVID ALISTAIR SHAWN BAKER came into the world at half past three on an April morning; and at four o'clock William Henry Baker was kneeling at his wife's bed, her hand, wet with his tears, held against his cheek.

"Oh, Will," she sighed.

"Oh, Maggie!" he sobbed, and felt for his handkerchief with his left hand.

"Have you seen him?" she asked faintly.

"Yes, no, it's only you, Maggie, that's all that matters."

"Well, that's a nice thing to say of your son and heir," put in Mrs. Shawn from the basket wherein David Alistair Shawn lay. Maggie, she considered, had had a very easy time, much easier than her own had been when Maggie was born. All her emotion was for her first grandchild.

"You must see him, darling."

He kissed her hand; he wanted to go on kissing it for ever, but knew that he couldn't. He got up clumsily, and went over to the basket, wiping his eyes. He looked at his son, and felt, as other husbands have felt looking at their firstborn, "All that for this; so small, so ugly; and yet what a burden to have borne."

"Hallo!" he said, and had an absurd impulse to chuck it under the chin, but restrained himself, no obvious chin being available. He looked from his son to his wife, wondering at the miracle of their union.

"Now you must be off," said Mrs. Shawn. "Try and get some sleep, and you may come and say goodbye just before you catch your train."

HE bent down and kissed his wife's forehead, whispering, "Thank you, Maggie dear." She gave him a loving smile, so tired, so remote that the tears came back into his eyes, and he felt again for his handkerchief. He went back to the camp bed in what was going to be the nursery. "Bars on the windows," he said to himself. "I mustn't forget that. Oh well, there's no hurry."

He had a few minutes with her alone before he caught his train. She had come back into the world, she was herself again; proud and happy.

"You promise to have a really good dinner, darling? I don't mean a midday dinner. Proper dinner, and drink David's health."

He had had it made clear to him by Mrs. Shawn that there was enough to do in the house without looking after a grown-up man who could look after himself. He was to have his meal in town, and come back by a late train. Orders.

"I will, Maggie. I shall be thinking of you both all day."

"You'll tell them at the office? They knew he was coming, didn't they?"

He said "Yes" to both questions, and asked again, "You did want a boy, didn't you, dear?" as if he would have changed it even now if it had not been satisfactory.

"Of course! Didn't you?"

He nodded proudly.

William Henry Baker was nearly forty when David was born, and he had been married for ten years. Because his son had been so long in coming, he had been more than usually frightened. He would have been frightened in any case, for he was a timid little man, and his love for Maggie was almost the whole of his life.

He had longed for a son: a son, a Shawn Baker, who would not be timid, would not be ineffectual, as he knew himself to be; would not be a clerk in an office who was treated with a tolerant, only just not contemptuous, familiarity by his fellow clerks. Shawn Baker would be one of those big, strong, masterful men: an explorer, perhaps: a statesman, a great general.

That was why Mr. Baker had insisted—well, not insisted, he could never do that—had wanted the Shawn in his boy's name. There must be a hundred David Bakers about, but Shawn Baker was unique. He sounded like somebody. Perhaps, when he became Lord Mayor of London, David would hyphen the name: Sir David Shawn-Baker.

Yes, he had told his fellow clerks that the baby was coming; far too often, most of them would have said. Never had a baby been so generously shared. The brighter spirits had suggested a sweepstake on the day and hour of its arrival; anything to make a commonplace event more interesting.

THERE had been opportunities for humour which the humorous had not missed. At times Mr. Baker wished that he had been more reticent; at other times he was glad to think that Shawn Baker was being talked about already.

He pictured them in after years: young Henderson, an elderly man now, managing director of the firm, perhaps, saying to an important client: "Yes, I remember the very day he was born, his father coming into the office as pleased as Punch—oh, yes, Shawn Baker's father was with us then—just an ordinary sort of fellow, you'd never have thought he'd have had such a brilliant son." And Miss Clissold: retired and living in the country, saying proudly to the vicar: "Oh, yes, I knew Sir David's dear father *very* well. Quite a little excitement, I remember, when Sir David was born. We all drank his health—oh, only in tea, of course."

But there was another reason why he was sometimes glad and sometimes sorry that he had confided in them. The elder married men were comforting. "Pooh, old man, it's nothing. Danger? Nonsense! In the old days, perhaps, but not today. Well, I suppose you and I wouldn't like it much, but I always say women don't feel pain in the way men do. Not so sensitive. Besides, they give 'em anaesthetics now. Easy. No, it's the damned expense of it that's the real trouble. You're not having anything to do with these blasted nursing homes? Quite right. It's a racket."

But the younger ones told agonizing stories of what they had suffered (and, by inference, their wives) through the long hours of labour. They went into clinical details which both terrified and outraged him; as if, in some way, by talking of these intimate things, the speaker was admitting himself to intimacy with Maggie. Then he wished with all his heart that he had kept his secret to himself.

And the jokes. Horrible.

So now, as he hurried to the station, it came over him suddenly that he did not want to tell them, not today. His happiness, his pride, his relief, were too great to share with strangers who could feel none of these things. Just for today it would be his secret. Miss Clissold would raise inquiring eyebrows, and he would shrug his shoulders. Henderson would say, "Well, old boy, any news of the twins?" and he wouldn't answer. He would just be smiling quietly to himself.

He smiled now as he thought of the private happiness which would be his; of the secret which he would carry with him throughout the day.

AT six forty-five that evening Mr. Baker was walking up and down outside the entrance to the Savoy Grill, looking at his watch from time to time, and giving an impression of a man of the world, a well-known clubman, who preferred to meet the Lady Patricia (late as usual) as her Rolls-Royce drew up, and personally to conduct her inside. The Lady Patricia might be a little bewildered, left to herself, having always dined at the Ritz before; might be uncertain of the way into the restaurant—as, indeed, Mr. Baker was.

He was also not quite sure whether evening dress was necessary. He proposed, therefore, to follow the first arrivals obviously not in evening dress through the swing door with the air of being in their party, leaving his hat and coat where they left theirs, and accompanying them into the restaurant.

Up till now he had somehow failed to do this. Each time that the opportunity had come he had told himself that it was still a little before his usual hour for dinner, and that there was just time for one more saunter to the Strand and back. In this way, if he were lucky, he would miss the next opportunity also.

The terrifying decision to dine at the Savoy had been taken at lunch that morning. The cup of coffee slopped into the saucer, the baked beans overrunning the side of the plate, the stained marble-topped table which had satisfied William Henry Baker for so long suddenly disgusted the father of Shawn Baker. Not in these surroundings, not even in the homely comfort of a City chop-house, should Sir David's health be drunk.

To go West into the bright world of fashion and be one with the heroes and heroines of so many serialized meals was

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

Sir Joseph." Mr. Baker tried to feel like Sir Joseph. The girl gave him a sulky nod and fingered her glass

indeed an alarming adventure to him; but to Shawn Baker it would be routine, and the friendly "Good evening, Sir David" of head waiters a familiar sound in his ears.

Perhaps Mr. Baker's ideas of heredity were a little muddled. Perhaps he was wrong in thinking that a sudden, uncharacteristic display of moral courage by the father can influence the character of a son already born. Perhaps he was right in thinking that a post-natal virtue, if some sign of it could be achieved, would at least be evidence of a latent virtue such as a son might have inherited and would bring to maturity.

RIGHT or wrong, fearfully he had pledged himself to dine in style that evening; right or wrong, he had told himself that on the keeping of his pledge the whole future of David Alistair Shawn Baker depended.

The Savoy was the obvious tourney ground. It was nearest to the familiar City, which was in itself a sort of comfort; it was the most advertised in novels. Moreover, young Dugdale, son of old Dugdale and now taken into partnership, who had begun his career in the clerks' room (in order to "start at the bottom and work my way sideways," as he put it cheerfully) had spoken so often of the girls he had taken to the Savoy that he had given it a solidity which made the adventure a little more plausible. Mr. Baker was one of the firm, dining, as was the firm's custom, at the Savoy. What was there frightening in that? Nothing. He had the money in his pocket, he was ready for anything, afraid of nobody.

A taxi drew up at the door, and a man and a girl got out. With a weak feeling at the knees and a sick feeling in the stomach, Mr. Baker followed them in.

The man was Mr. Basil St. John Wender and the girl was Miss Charmian Flyte. Unlike David Alistair Shawn Baker, they had chosen (and who better?) their own names. Mr. Wender was good-looking in a businesslike way; a solid man of fifty with what he thought of (and hoped you would think of) as a Roman nose commanding a strongly coloured face, the red of a sanguine temperament fighting it out with the blue-black of a jaw which, for all his care, never seemed freshly shaved.

To make up for this there was always an air of eau-de-Cologne about him. His hands were beautifully manicured; as indeed they should have been, seeing that Miss Charmian Flyte herself attended to them every week.

She was what he would have called a pretty little thing; with more character of her own and less admiration for his than he supposed.

This was the first time he had taken her out to dinner. Being a man of generous impulses where his own tastes were concerned, he had ordered champagne and, as a result, they amused each other a good deal.

They also found easy amusement in others. In Mr. William Henry Baker, for instance.

He was at a little table in the gangway, alone. With their backs to the glass screen separating them from the lounge they had him under their eyes; had so had him all through his dinner. It would not be true to say that Mr. Baker was particularly conscious of them, for he felt that the eyes of all the early diners were upon him, that all the waiters were whispering about him; that, in short, what he was undergoing was not a romantic adventure but an unpleasant ordeal.

The prices of the strangely named foods were far beyond what he had expected, prices more suited to a purchase of the whole animal (whatever it was) from which the dish came.

CONVEYING as best he could the suggestion that he was under doctor's orders, he chose the most moderately priced dish he could identify, to be followed by the most translatable sweet; and, since wine was essential for the drinking of David's health, he added a half bottle of the cheapest Burgundy, telling himself, as he did so, that he was throwing money away, had been a fool to come, and that David's chance of inheriting anything worth while from his father was now remote.

Perhaps he would be like his mother; sons often were, and Maggie was perfect.

What would she say when he confessed how wickedly extravagant he had been? He would have to tell her; he had never had any secrets from Maggie.

Some, but not all, of his emotions were visible to Mr. Wender and Miss Flyte.

As Miss Flyte so well put it, the poor little man seemed like a fish out of water; and though neither of them had seen a fish out of water except on a fishmonger's slab, when it bore little resemblance to Mr. Baker, they agreed laughingly that this was exactly what he did look like.

"Thought it was an A.B.C.," suggested Mr. Wender, "and then found too late that it wasn't. Having a little difficulty with his French, isn't he?" This was when Mr. Baker was deeply involved in the menu. "Wonder what he'll make of the wine list."

"That's easy, darling. He just says 'twenty-five,' and there you are."

"*I* may be, but he isn't. 'Twenty-five is champagne. He won't be having champagne," said Mr. Wender, with the simple ostentation of one who was. "Well, girlie, enjoying yourself?"

She nodded. "I always say there's nothing like the dear old Savoy. It's sort of different, if you know what I mean."

"Another glass of Pommery?"

"Just what mother ordered," laughed Miss Flyte, as he picked up the bottle.

All through his dinner Mr. Wender's eyes invited the attention of his neighbours. The pretty girl he was entertaining, the lavishness of his entertainment, the forceful personality of the entertainer: even the people drinking cocktails in the lounge behind him could look enviously, admiringly, through the glass screen.

Picking up the second bottle, he flicked an eye in that direction so as to include them, said, "Good God!" suddenly, and put the bottle down.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Flyte.

His hand to his cheek, his head averted, he told her.

IT might have been Sir David Shawn-Baker himself who lay back in his chair twirling his empty glass. He was at ease with the world. He saw himself taking Maggie to the Savoy on her next birthday. He imagined somebody asking him—not that anybody would—what he thought of the Ritz, and heard himself answering, "Well, personally I prefer the Savoy," and perhaps something about "my usual table."

He wondered why he had ever been so frightened. The whole thing was so easy. You just decided where you would dine, went there, chose your dinner (and, of course, your wine) and dined.

There was one trifling impediment which escaped him for the moment. Something which, in certain circumstances, might prevent full enjoyment of the evening. No, not Maggie's absence; she and David had been with him all the time; at first encouraging him, then, as the half bottle did its work, sharing his pride and satisfaction.

But there had been a moment, a little while back, just before he had begun that second glass of Burgundy, when the roseate cloud in his mind had suddenly darkened. It couldn't have been very important, because now everything was rosy again. Still, it was silly not to remember. . . .

The folded bill on his plate caught his

"No thanks, I'm trying to give up smoking"

eye. Ah, that was it. He couldn't pay the bill. All these potatoes and things added up surprisingly, and the waiter seemed to have made a mistake about the number of the Burgundy. "My son, Sir David, will pay it next time he comes in." Doubtless something could be arranged. He would give his mind to it directly. Just now it was resting with its feet up in a cosy warmth of contentment.

A big important-looking man was coming to his table. Probably—what was that fellow's name in that book?—Prince Florizel of Bohemia. Mr. Baker was glad to see him.

"How *are* you?" said Mr. Wender genially, holding out a large white hand.

Mr. Baker, shaking it, said that he was very well. Never better, in fact.

"That's good. I noticed that you were dining alone. My friend"—he indicated her over his shoulder, and added confidentially, "one of the most famous actresses from the Comédie Française, is most anxious to meet you. I wonder if you would give us the great pleasure of finishing your meal at our table?"

Mr. Baker said that in fact he had finished it three, or possibly four, minutes ago.

MR. WENDER smiled and said in the persuasive voice which had launched a thousand companies, "Still, you will let us give you a glass of champagne, a cigar and a cup of coffee." He stopped a passing waiter and said, "Sir Joseph is dining with me. Just put that," he indicated the bill carelessly, "on to mine." He bowed to Mr. Baker. "If you will give me that great pleasure?"

Mr. Baker made it clear that he was glad—in a sense, relieved—to give it to him.

"And now," said Mr. Wender, helping his guest up, "we will join Mademoiselle de—but no. For reasons which you will understand she wishes to remain anonymous while in London. By the way, she talks English perfectly—unless, of course, you insist on conversing with her in her own language." He waited a moment in case Mr. Baker insisted, and went on, "Should it be necessary to refer to her by name I am permitted to call her Lady Witterman. You won't mind my introducing you as Sir Joseph?"

(Undoubtedly Prince Florizel of Bohemia:)

"Well, actually, my name is——"

Mr. Wender waggled a genial hand.

"No names, no pack-drill, as we used to say in the Guards."

(Or the Duke of Westminster?)

They came, arm in arm, to the table.

"This, darling," said Mr. Wender, "is Sir Joseph." Mr. Baker tried to feel like Sir Joseph.

Miss Flyte nodded sulkily and fingered her glass.

"A glass of Pommery, Sir Joseph?"

Mr. Baker wondered if champagne went well with Burgundy, and didn't see why it shouldn't try.

"Your very good health. My dear, we must drink Sir Joseph's health."

Miss Flyte, her mouth still sullen, raised her glass to Mr. Baker. Then, seeing something in his insignificant face, something which she didn't see in the faces of the men who made love to her, she gave him a sudden warming smile, and said, "All the best."

"The same to you," said Mr. Baker. "Both of you," he explained, remembering that the Duke was paying his bill. But, as he drank, he was drinking to Maggie and David. He was drinking their healths in champagne. Real champagne. Pommery. What an evening!

THE Pommery seemed to like the Burgundy. It reminded the Burgundy of a very funny thing which their lessor knew about and nobody else did. That was what made it so funny. That was what made Mr. Baker laugh so surprisingly.

"Yes?" said Mr. Wender encouragingly. His eyes went round again to the doorway.

"What," Mr. Baker invited them to tell him, "do they know of England who only England know?"

"What?" wondered Miss Flyte, assuming that it was a riddle.

"That wasn't what I said," he explained with a happy smile. "What I said was Nobody Knows what happened this morning. Now why does nobody know what happened this morning? Because it's a profound secret."

"What did happen?" asked Miss Flyte.

"When I say Nobody I mean Nobody but three. No," said Mr. Baker, working it out, "four. Probably five. Or six or seven. These things get about. Have you ever," he asked on a different note, "come across Sir David Shawn-Baker in Paris or elsewhere?"

"I seem to have heard of him," said Miss Flyte, feeling that it was expected of her. "I've never actually met him."

"I have, just for a moment."

"What's he like?"

Mr. Baker reflected for a little.

"On the short side," he said, summing it up.

Mr. Wender rose to his feet. One felt that he had been waiting for this moment. Three people in evening dress were coming in. The big woman who led the way, magnificently under-gowned and over-jewelled, glanced at Mr. Wender, stood for a moment in surprise, committed Miss Flyte and Mr. Baker to memory, and inclined her head to Mr. Wender's bow. The party moved on. Mr. Wender sat down and poured himself out the rest of the champagne. "I think that's all right," he murmured, gulping it down.

The waiter brought the bill. Mr. Wender put a £10 note on the plate.

"Look, girlie," he said, "I think I'll just go and say a word to those people, while you powder your nose. I'll meet you both outside."

They all got up. Mr. Baker, surprised to find that he could walk, not only effectively but with a certain dignity, followed Miss Flyte out. She turned to him as soon as they were through the doorway.

"Hat and coat!" she snapped. "Quick!" She indicated the cloakroom. Then, as soon as he was ready, "Come on!"

"But what about Mr.—er—"

"Come on!" She led the way. "Ask for a taxi. Tell him Victoria."

Completely bewildered, Mr. Baker, as so often before in his life, obeyed instructions. As he took his place in the taxi beside her he was still saying, "What about Mr.—er—?"

"To hell with him!" said Miss Flyte bitterly. "Thinking he was going to get away with *that*!"

The fresh air through the open window was doing Mr. Baker good. He still wondered why he was there, but now he felt benevolently and intelligently interested in his position.

"Married men!" said Miss Flyte. "They make me sick."

Mr. Baker waited for further details.

"He never asks me to have dinner with him. Well, why shouldn't I have dinner with him? What else did he think he was going to get? Not bloody likely. (That's a quotation, ducky, you needn't look shocked). And then suddenly there's his darling wife in the lounge, plastered with Koh-i-noors and looking like the Queen of Sheba's Aunt Rachel. He's told her, see, that's he's dining with Sir Joseph Wotsit so's to discuss a—what's

Continued on page 21

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT...

...Religion

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him.—*Voltaire.*

God is not willing to do everything, and thus take away our free will and that share of glory which belongs to us.—*Machiavelli.*

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to love one another.—*Swift.*

Religion is a great force—the only real motive force in the world; but what you fellows don't understand is that you must get at a man through his own religion and not through yours.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

I shall always maintain that whosoever says in his heart, "There is no God," while he takes the name of God upon his lips is either a liar or a madman.—*Rousseau.*

I believe in the incomprehensibility of God.—*Balzac.*

...America

America is a man's country, but a woman's paradise.—*William Dwight Whitney.*

The American can devise more ways to save himself work than any other known race of human beings.—*Dorothy Thompson.*

In America, the President reigns for four years, and journalism governs for ever and ever.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Modesty is a very good thing, but a man in this country may get on very well without it.—*Motto inscribed on a Western State banner.*

America, half-brother of the world! With something good and bad of every land.—*Philip James Bailey.*

This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny.—*Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

...Books

Reading is conversation with the most reputable people of past centuries.—*Descartes.*

What I like in a good author is not what he says but what he whispers.—*Logan Pearsall Smith.*

There are books of which the backs and covers are by far the best part.—*Charles Dickens.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Francis Bacon.*

It is easier to produce ten volumes of philosophical writing than to put one principle into practice.—*Tolstoy.*

If you find that the perusal of a book elevates your thoughts and inspires you with noble sentiments, seek no other rule by which to judge of its merits. It is good and shows the master's hand.—*La Bruyère.*

Jet engines sold to Russia • Hint to radio manufacturers • Every M.P. should be a full-timer

FREE SPEECH

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE, *Aviation Week*, reports that Russian jet planes are being powered by British engines. This statement is confirmed by a British newspaper correspondent, who reports that a large number of jet engines were sold to Russia last year.

Considering the grave uncertainty of our future relations with Russia, this seems to me to require some investigation.—HAMISH WILSON, 2 Berry Road, Paignton, Devon.

B.B.C. Only

MOST RADIO DEALERS offer only radio sets in the £20-£30 range, which have a battery of buttons and switches that enable the listener to tune in to any part of the globe.

The majority of listeners, however, only want to listen to British programmes, and if manufacturers would produce for about £10 a good, reliable set giving clear reproduction of home services they would fill a great public demand.—GEORGE WHITE, 27 Ashley Gardens, Edinburgh, 11.

Clocking on by Big Ben?

IT SHOULD BE compulsory for M.P.s to make a certain number of attendances in the House every year.

Many Members carry on jobs in addition to their Parliamentary duties, and it is obvious which must suffer in the process. Our national affairs are far too important to merit anything less than all Members' full and undivided attention.—MRS. L. KEELER, 44 The Croft, South Ruislip, Middlesex.

Downing Street Crowds

DURING EVERY CRISIS we read that "anxious crowds waited in Downing Street."

Why on earth *must* they? They won't get the news, good or bad, any sooner than the rest of us who listen to the radio or buy the paper, and their quite unnecessary presence only gives those interested abroad the impression that the British are in a blue funk.—MRS. I. S., London, S.W.18. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Wants to Be Conscripted

Miss Joy Simmonds

I AGREE wholeheartedly with David Ferguson, who in a letter (JOHN BULL, September 25) advocated conscription of girls.

Many girls like myself *want* to go in the Forces, but do not volunteer because it might seem to parents that we are ungrateful for what has been done for us at home.

If conscription for a certain period of time were brought in, this objection would no longer be valid, and many girls would gladly go.—MISS JOY SIMMONDS, 39 Belmont Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 21.

Free-and-Easy But Tough

AS AN EX-TERRIER myself, I read George Wordsworth's article "Territorials? I've Had Some!" (JOHN BULL, October 2) with great interest.

Maybe there were units such as the one he was unfortunate enough to join, but my experience was entirely different. While free-and-easy relations existed between ranks, discipline was maintained and training was thorough.

The outbreak of war found us prepared and efficient, as our subsequent record in many theatres of war testified. During my service I was attached on various occasions to regular units, but never did I experience the team spirit and camaraderie so apparent in my own Territorial regiment.—W. H. FORD, Slaughter Farm Cottage, Bourton-on-the-Water, Cheltenham.

Richard Allen cuts his crop. Small plugs are ready for smoking

Mother Would Be Proud

WHAT WOULD BE THE feelings of a baby delivered from a dying mother should it survive to be an adult? asked Walter Longshaw (JOHN BULL, October 2).

I can tell him. I feel overwhelming gratitude to a mother I have never seen; and the fact that I have lived to see my name listed in the King's Birthday Honours would, I believe in all humility, have given her pride had she been spared to witness it.—S. K., Ramsgate, Kent. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Babies? Not Now

AS A SOUR OLD SPINSTER of nearly forty-four, I think there is not much likelihood of my "living again in a child," as Mrs. Keay says in a letter (JOHN BULL, October 2).

However, there is so much injustice in the world that I'm not at all sure I'm not glad that there's only one of me. My child versus atom bombs, germ warfare and all the organized mechanical brutality of modern life? No thank you!—MISS L. E., Surrey. (Full name and address enclosed.)

American Children

IN A RECENT LETTER to Free Speech, Miss M. B. Erskine referred to American children as "sophisticated little horrors."

Why, oh why, are people so quick to say another person, another nation, has no good qualities? No wonder that, with people so intolerant, the world is in turmoil.

I have four "little horrors"—honours students all—busy with music lessons, paper deliveries, school work, social club work. I wish Miss Erskine could visit me. I could teach her a lot.—MRS. ELIZABETH NEELY, Hamilton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Operation Steak-and-Chips

I MYSELF HAVE HAD the vagotomy operation described by Dr. Harvey Graham in his article, "A New Attack on the Ulcer" (JOHN BULL, October 2). It is certainly something to be shouted from the housetops.

I was in hospital exactly two weeks. Eleven days after the operation I was home, eating steak and chips!—H. H., Letchworth, Herts. (Full name and address enclosed.)

New Stomach

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM stated that it had been known for a man to live for seven years with part of his stomach removed. I am wondering if my own case is a record.

In May, 1936, I had practically all my stomach removed and a substitute made with my spare intestines, and now, at seventy, I am leading an active, busy life.

The operation was performed at the Sunderland Royal Infirmary.—MRS. S. R. JENNINGS, 145 The Lawns, Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham.

Broke the Ice

IT TAKES A LOT to make an average carriageful of British people get into conversation with each other.

I travelled recently from Cardiff to Paddington in a comfortably full carriage. Some people were reading, some dozing, some gazing idly at the passing scenery. But not a word was spoken. At Newport, an elderly man got out. Carefully closing the door behind him, he put his head through the window and snapped, "Waxworks!"

We looked at each other guiltily, burst out laughing—and a conversation began that lasted until we reached Paddington.—F. JOHNS, 91 Walters Road, Llanelly.

No Use to Smokers

JOHN MAY'S ENJOYABLE article, "Back Garden Blend" (JOHN BULL, October 2), omitted the fact that many folk confuse the fragrant garden nicotiana (tobacco flower) with the productive plant. I grow several of them, and though their perfume is delightful, they are of no use to smokers.—MRS. M. A. WILSON, 68 Conygre Road, Filton, Bristol.

Tobacco Campaign Wanted

I HAVE GROWN a small plot of tobacco this year, and harvested, dried and cured it by my own methods. I honestly find it more enjoyable than many manufactured brands, but I wish the Government would publish a "Tobacco Flash" in the daily papers giving the back garden grower information on how to cultivate and prepare tobacco plants.

No harm would be done to the Customs and Excise, as in any case we are not importing sufficient tobacco to satisfy our needs.—RICHARD ALLEN, 11 Orchard Road, Birstall, Leicester.

Detective Work

WAS CHARLES B. CHILD, author of the delightful Inspector Chafik stories, a Serviceman stationed in Iraq during the last war?

His stories certainly bear the stamp of authenticity, and vividly bring back to me the sights and smells of Baghdad. Many ex-Servicemen who were out there must delight in these yarns set in real, unglamorous Iraq.—ALFRED SMITH, 64 Glaisdale Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28.

*** *Yes, Charles B. Child did serve in Iraq, in the R.A.F.*—EDITOR.

Faith Can Help

Miss Moira Haynes

MRS. J. SHERLOCK asked (JOHN BULL, September 25) if anyone could tell her what was missing from her life. I often get the same feeling myself, so perhaps I can answer her.

I am eighteen, and, as I haven't a mother, I manage the household for my father and young brother. Although I do it pretty well, I still have the feeling that I'm not doing enough. But I wouldn't be so sure, as Mrs. Sherlock apparently is, that religion cannot help.

Faith kept my father going after we lost mother. Whatever else fails, faith in the Christian way of life can keep us going. It's a pretty good antidote to frustration.—MISS MOIRA HAYNES, 20 Peak House Road, Great Barr, Birmingham, 22a.

Casting Reflections

WHO ARE VAINER—women who glance in every mirror to make sure they look all right, or men who never look because they are quite certain they do?—MRS. VIOLET DANE, 76 Sundown Road, Shrewsbury.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication

WITH MY FEET UP

Kill or Cure

I AM GLAD to say that I have very little acquaintance, professionally, with doctors. I am rarely ill, except for an occasional touch of leprosy, an attack of bubonic plague now and then, and the periodical amputation of a few limbs.

Recently, however, I developed a floating kidney as a result of drinking too much. I saw one doctor who said it should be sunk as a danger to shipping, and another who wanted to put it in dry dock for a refit.

I ignored them both and found a doctor whom I have always wanted to meet—one of those who is reported almost daily in the papers as saying that, since the new Health Scheme, his waiting room is a shambles and his life a misery.

I fought my way into the waiting room and found a place to stand on someone else's foot. Among the eight or ten thousand there, people were fainting right and left, as the sal volatile was free.

I was wedged against a man on crutches. "Broken leg?" I asked.

"Nothing of the sort," he answered. "I'm as right as rain. But I saw in the paper that crutches were free, so I thought I might as well get a pair. You never know when they might come in handy."

A door opened to admit the doctor's head. "Next fifty, please," he barked.

Although I had arrived last, I found myself borne into his room with the crowd. The doctor was standing with a hypodermic syringe in his hand. "Who wants an injection?" he called out.

"Me, please. For my bunions," said a woman in a brown coat. At that moment there was a surge in the crowd, and the doctor overshot the woman and stuck the needle into a little man who wanted something to stop his hair falling out.

Glasses of medicine were handed out like cocktails and when a space cleared the doctor whipped out the tonsils from a man who had gone to report that his child had measles. When I was pushed up against him I heard him mutter: "This Bevan is worse than Hitler."

"You mean your patients are exhausted," I said.

He gave me a look. "Take this prescription three times a day after meals, and let me know when the funeral is," he said, pushing a piece of paper into my hand.

When I got outside, I looked at it and found that it read: *Call for laundry. Soap. Haddock. Collar stud. Phone Agnes. Pay gas bill.*

by Ian Fox

They're slaves of soccer strategy

by JOHN ARLOTT

Inside forwards are drastically overworked. And this will go on unless constructive play is shared by all the team

Gifted Maurice Edelston, Reading's inside-right, filled all the duties demanded of a modern inside forward. But the strain told

WITH THE CONTINUING rise in transfer fees, the highest figures are being paid for inside forwards—inside-rights and inside-lefts. It might be inferred from this that good inside forwards are extremely scarce. In fact they are not.

There seem to have been more outstanding players at inside forward during the past ten years than in any other position. The mind ticks them off readily—even those playing for England or the English League—Carter, Mannion, Edelston, Morris, Pearson, Hagan.

Then, suddenly, one realizes that, in the time all these men have been playing in the inside berths, Lawton and Matthews have played steadily at centre-forward and outside-right. At goal and back and half-back, too, there has been a relatively settled selection: it is actually at inside forward that selection has been most changed.

They were extremely good inside forwards. Why then, have they not retained their positions for any length of time?

The reason for the high prices asked and paid for inside forwards and for their failure to last long in an international side is the same—modern football burns out its inside forwards.

Rôle Has Changed

The duties of the inside forward have changed completely in the last twenty years. The reason for this lies in the major change in football tactics of the period—the change of the centre-forward from the leader of the line to an upfield opportunist and the development of the stopper centre-half to checkmate that move.

When that happened two things were lost to football. The first was the constructive centre-half—the man like Frank Barson, who dominated the middle of the field and who constantly switched defence to attack by a precise pass or, even more constructively, took the ball upfield in a dribble and drew the opposing defence before parting with the ball.

The second loss was the "leader" centre-forward. By becoming a "finisher," he ceased to lead his line, to distribute the ball and to take a share in the part of the attacking move which brings the ball up to the finishing area. This work was taken over automatically by the inside forwards.

Meanwhile the stopper centre-halves booted the ball untidily out of their own penalty area, and the duty of founding attacks also devolved upon the inside forwards.

But the tying down of the centre-half posed a problem for the wing-halves. They were at once isolated from him when they moved into midfield, so they had two alternatives.

Upfield—Then Back

Firstly, they could take the ball upfield in the tradition of the attacking wing-half, drawing the defence for their forwards. But, as they went upfield, farther and farther from the centre-half, they opened up a great gap in which their opponents, if they gained the ball, could set up their own attacks unmolested.

So, in many sides, a further duty of the inside forward became that of falling back to cover the wing-half when that player went upfield.

The other alternative for the wing-halves was for them to be tied to a defensive rôlé where they did not even take throws-in in their opponents' half lest they should be left high and dry. So then the inside forward or the wing-man took the throw.

Surely this was enough for one man? But now a new problem arose.

The centre-halves, well grounded in the grimly spoiling business of modern soccer defence, began to blot out the centre-forwards. Three forwards "up"—centre-forward and two wingers—was no longer enough. One of the inside forwards must now become a thruster.

The additional burden was too much. The inside forward was covering vast areas of ground and the effort could not be sustained.

During the war years England often played Maurice Edelston at inside-right. He was then an experienced amateur international inside forward who had played for Fulham, Brentford and Reading in League football. He was twenty-five years of age—a footballer's prime—, a fast mover, a deadly two-footed shot, a good quick dribbler.

Maurice Edelston, in about three years as a representative footballer, ran the extra yard of pace off even his magnificent soccer gifts. In one England-Scotland match it was apparent that no man could long stand this strain.

As Matthews's partner, Edelston fed him with almost slavish devotion and extreme skill. He carried out all the duties demanded of a modern inside forward. He ran, literally, miles into position for the return pass, moving time and again as much as thirty yards into a gap in the Scottish defence.

A Price on His Head

The professional footballer cannot afford to run himself out in this way. Yet the man who reaches the top as an inside forward must *attempt* to carry out all the tasks modern football allots to him.

Few have done so for long. Most of them have decided that they will be either the constructive or the spearhead inside forward—leaving the other inside forward to take the other rôle.

Modern football has exalted the inside forward and placed the highest price on his head—the price of his footballing life.

And, so long as football strategy remains based on principles opposed to the ideal of constructive football played by every member of the team, from goal to wing, just so long inside forwards will be asked to work themselves to death to cover the constructive deficiencies of men engaged solely in destructive football.

It is current football strategy that falls short—not the inside forward.

UNCLE ANDY

Trailing the Badger

LOOK, UNCLE ANDY. WHAT ANIMAL MADE THESE TRACKS?
WHY, THAT'S OLD BROCK, THE BADGER. HE MAKES HIS HOME IN THICK WOODS UNDER OLD TREE ROOTS OR IN CLIFFS AND QUARRIES
BRITAIN STILL HAS MANY BADGERS. THEY ARE BORN SILVER GREY AND CHANGE TO BLUE GRAY WITH A BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED HEAD. THEY ARE ABOUT 1 FT HIGH AND 2 TO 3 FT. LONG
CLAW MARKS ON TREE TRUNKS OFTEN REVEAL A BADGER'S HOME (IT'S CALLED A "SET"). DURING SUMMER HE LINES HIS SET WITH A BEDDING OF FERN AND GRASS FOR HIS LONG WINTER SLEEP. IF THE WINTER IS WARM HE SOMETIMES COMES OUT FOR FOOD
HERE IS A BADGER SET IN A HILLSIDE. IT IS HONEYCOMBED WITH TUNNELS DUG 15 FT. INTO SOLID CHALK. BADGERS' SETS ARE ALWAYS MADE IN DRY PLACES. SOME HAVE AS MANY AS 40 EXITS
KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED, CHILDREN. A BADGER'S COLOUR MAKES HIM DIFFICULT TO SEE IN THE DARK
THE BADGER SLEEPS ALL DAY AND RARELY COMES OUT BEFORE DARK. IF YOU WANT TO WATCH FOR HIM, YOU MUST GET TO HIS SET BEFORE DUSK. BE CAREFUL TO KEEP DOWN-WIND AND PERFECTLY QUIET, FOR HE HAS A VERY KEEN SENSE OF SMELL AND HEARING

The five lost comrades, the five skeletons, the hidden jewels. . . . Had Bertram ever been to the tunnel, or was it just a madman's fantasy?

Suddenly, I looked round—and there he was, knife in hand, his eyes fierce and unfocused. The moment he saw me, he ran at me

The man from the tunnel

by THEODORA BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

AS A PERSONAL EXPENSE my father paid Bertram the old age pension, because Bertram had forgotten his own surname so could not officially apply for it. It was well understood that this payment was not charity; Bertram was entitled to the old age pension. What is more, he alone of our poorer neighbours never poached our game. This in spite (or because) of the fact that he happened to be a lunatic.

No one in our village had any means of finding the lost surname for him. He had descended upon the glen, a stranger, in late 1918, just after the first World War. He set himself up in a hut at one end of my father's estate, an abandoned calving shed to which he was welcome.

How he landed on us can never be known; nor why he settled there rather than elsewhere, unless he grew attached to the doves that sought him out so oddly. If anyone in the neighbourhood tried to keep doves—or dooes as we called them in that part—no lavish dainties could stay the birds from decamping and going to live at Bertram's hut. He wasn't known to feed them or take much interest. I soon grew to be victim in chief, for when I was six I spent all my pocket money on buying doves.

THERE were only two bits of information about himself that Bertram seemed able to tell us.

One was that he had been a Cameronian piper. This, we believed. He certainly could play the pipes; made them himself, too, reeds and all, in the old way, using rowan wood. And he had a little ratty bit of tartan which he carried on his bagpipes always. We were quite certain that mad though he was he could never have laid claim to the wrong tartan.

His other recollection was more mysterious. He insisted, as though it sufficiently explained all, that he came out of the tunnel. Snatches of his talk revealed what tunnel that was. Everyone who's ever heard of Edinburgh knows that underground passages, ten, fifteen, thirty miles long, run out into the country from Holyrood Palace and the Castle, but nobody knows how many concealed entrances and exits there may be.

Bertram insisted that once, when the Cameronians were stationed at the Castle, he had discovered an entrance unknown to any. He and five of his comrades had gone in to explore, and only he had ever come out again.

It was indeed a gruesome enough tale as, scrap by scrap, and incoherently, he told it. With their lamps they had come on a black network of escape routes and communications. And these dismal corridors had two kinds of furnishings: skeletons and jewels. That the jewels had fascinated him to some extent was proved by his exclamations on their size, beauty and settings, but apparently they fascinated the doomed five more deeply and perhaps more practically. He led them on; two lingered; the others turned back after conspiratorial whispers. He called to them.

"Will you be coming now? This is no place for the loitering."

"Go along with you. We'll follow, straight as corbies."

"This isn't the place to be losing you. Will you come this instant, or will I turn back?"

"Och, you're afeared to be alone. Are you a man at all, not to face the bones and the boggarts? Go on; we'll be with you."

He went a little farther, down what seemed a straight passage.

"If it's the shiners bewitch your eyes, there's finer yet to gaze on."

No answer. No sound. He went back calling, his own voice echoing strangely in the doleful gloom. He found what he thought was the place where they'd lingered, but he couldn't be sure. Jewelled pieces he'd noticed weren't there any more, and apart from such possibly uncertain memories it was hard to recognize any one part of the tunnel.

Whether it was he or they who had taken a wrong turn was beyond proving. Hour after hour he wandered, calling, calling; his own unanswered voice grew more terrifying to him even than the menace of total silence.

Days later, starved and fainting, at long last he came out, far in the country, to the light of the sun that was lost for ever to his comrades' jewel-beglamoured eyes. For the five were seen no more of men, and it was perhaps not surprising that Bertram should thereafter identify himself simply as the man who came out of the tunnel.

But, of course, we couldn't be sure whether Bertram had gone mad because of this experience, or whether he took fantasy as fact because he had gone mad.

HE was a well-respected madman. If you didn't trouble Bertram, he didn't trouble you. Everyone in our parts knew that you had to give him a wide berth round about the time of the full moon.

He made this easy. He never came down to our village, or any other, at that season, but considerately kept himself to himself. I knew this from the villagers as well as anybody else; really understood that he wasn't his own man when the moon rounded to perfection; and, of course, such local intelligence meant more to me than parental prohibitions.

I had only myself to blame for it that morning when he chased me down the glen with a knife; and although I was but six, that was the line my family, very rightly, took about it.

Of course, I couldn't have been expected to obey those parental prohibitions altogether.

"Now, Alec, you're never to talk to Bertram or go near him at all. He doesn't want to be bothered by any little boys. Remember—that's an order."

"Alec, you're never on any account to go near Bertram's hut. He wouldn't like it if you did, and he's got a right to privacy. So mind, now; it's out of bounds."

"You won't forget what we've told you about leaving Bertram and his hut alone, will you, Alec? We'll be very angry indeed if you go near either."

But, of course, I went to the old calving shed from time to time with hope renewed to fetch some pair of doves home. No one could have fed them more temptingly than I, but off they'd fly again to Bertram. And sometimes I'd just slip down to see that they were getting on all right, since most of the "dooes" there were really mine. But,

of course, I'd go when I knew he was out.

We'd exchange greetings kindly enough when we met, and I'd avoid him at the full moon. Until that morning, long before breakfast, when I went guddling trout in my favourite pool, not very far from the old man's home, and after a great circular moon had set beyond the Esk River.

I don't know whether he had made some sound or not, but I suddenly looked, and there up the slope among the whin and the heather was a figure with fierce, unfocused eyes and a steel blade in his hand. The moment he saw me he ran for me, and I ran too, with dryness in my throat, and a strange horrible tingling in the backs of my hands. I ran as though the Devil were at my back, and indeed the ancient explanation of demoniac possession fitted my temporary enemy well enough.

This was not the same man with whom I later enjoyed a forbidden tea party.

Fit and active, he could run faster than any six-year-old boy. But I knew the glen better even than he. There was only one regular crossing over the Esk River thereabouts, and that was but a great tree fallen bridgewise across the stream. I had my own private crossing, where a take-off from one branch could swing you out to another, and a second swinging movement would land you on the farther side. A heavier person might well shrink from it.

At any rate, I got across, and he didn't try to chase me any more.

If I'd been older I'd have known better than to tell of this adventure at home. As it was, I blurted out my story at breakfast simply because I couldn't keep it in, and I wasn't at all surprised that this resulted in a terrific bawling out. I was again forbidden to go near the hut. And that was all. Nobody dreamed of bothering Bertram. This seemed to me entirely just and natural.

For if children were so irresponsible as to get themselves into difficulties with Bertram, why, perhaps the grown-ups would be driven to shutting him up. And he was not a man to be caged; the kindest asylum had nothing to offer him. Give him a wide berth at full moon, when he only wanted to be left alone, and there wasn't a more satisfactory neighbour in the county. There wasn't a soul in all our district who thought of having him shut up.

THE old age pension wasn't much to live on, but Bertram earned a good deal of his food by his skill as a piper. Earned is the right word. He never begged; nor did he knock on the doors before which he paraded playing the favourite tunes of their owners.

He remembered everyone's favourite music, men and women alike, without fail; and a fine ham sandwich, a hunk of cheese, a packet of tea or sugar, was no more than a just tribute to a musician of such lovely quality.

He was scrupulously fair in not playing outside any one door too often, for he did the round of all the villages within a radius of thirty miles. Off he'd go on his beloved old bicycle, which he'd salvaged literally from a scrapheap. It had no tyres, it had no saddle; he'd tied on a wad of sacking. It hadn't even got pedals; just a rod he'd fixed as a footrest and as something to help him in mounting. It certainly looked like a madman's bicycle, but it worked very nearly as well as anyone else's.

The district was so hilly that for most of the time every bicyclist was either freewheeling or toiling on foot pushing his machine up with him. And a wonderful sight Bertram used to be, clattering down some steep slope, hatless and ragged and wildly chanting, roaring his head off in joyous song as he rode.

Bertram would often be away for two to four days on his rounds, playing in other villages, and no one thought anything of it. But there came a time when not a soul remembered having seen him for over a week, and the rumour spread that he must be visiting the Tunnel. For he'd become hazy about the passage of time, and sometimes spoke of his comrades, lost perhaps years earlier, as though it were a matter of a day or two since he'd escaped without them. When this mood was on him he'd be heard muttering:

"I'll be off again to find them. It's the food they'll be needing by this time, poor lads, in the Tunnel. Some bread and some slices of ham."

Then he'd come to again and forget the notion. But a week was too long for him to be absent. All of us felt that that nagging notion had gathered strength to drive him back to the underground horror.

I was the first to see him on his return. I'd gone down to my favourite pool to guddle trout when I heard the strain of the pipes. I ran to his hut, and there he was, marching up and down, playing an air which I'd never heard before, the Cameronian Lament.

The first thing I noticed was that he'd a change of clothes—a Cameronian kilt and plaid, a cap with the Cameronian badge. The second thing I noticed was that these clothes were old, rotten and faded and stained and mouldy, though he wore them with a great style. The third thing I noticed was that tears were running down his face.

IT was half moon time, but I'd been a little wary when alone with Bertram since he chased me with the knife. And to a child a grown man openly weeping is almost as strange and alarming a sight as an armed assailant. However, I wanted to know what had happened, and I didn't like to leave an acquaintance in distress. So I waited a minute till the lament was over. Then he wiped his eyes and spoke to me.

"Well, now, Alec, and it's glad I am to see you. Will you not come within, and I'll make a cup of tea?"

I felt afraid to accept the invitation. But I also felt that it would be a worse thing to bear if I made an excuse and escaped than if I faced up to it. It was this fear of fear more than sympathy, more even than curiosity, that made me thank him and say yes. I was glad of my choice, for in a few minutes I felt at home and was enjoying myself.

In his one-roomed shed he'd built a brick grate, with a simple hole by way of vent for the smoke. Embers were still glowing, and he soon got a fire alight. He gave his iron stew pan a cursory rinse out from a chipped enamel bucket of spring water, emptied it outside, filled it again, and set it on the blazing wood.

While the water boiled he smoked black twist, at first in silence, while I sat at ease on straw and considered my surroundings with more attention than on earlier stolen visits. The presence of several doves (for some of them chose to live right in the hut) was reassuring.

The place was tolerably clean, as Bertram always was himself. I thought what a labour it must be carrying up all the water. I wondered how he managed

THIS WEEK'S COVER

TWENTY MINUTES to knocking off time, and the compressor breaks down. Enough to make a saint swear! There were certainly no haloes round foreman George King (with the trilby) and his road gang when Yates Wilson stopped, looked and listened. Result: this week's cover painting, ironically entitled "Machine Age"

to keep himself quite successfully clean-shaved. I dwelt on his choice of pictures, thinking it rather soppy. He had pinned all round the walls cut-out illustrations of women, some half-draped and others naked. He looked at them with a very simple pleasure and admiration, almost with the friendly courtesy of his manner to real women.

Presently he began to talk.

"It's a dead man's kilt I'm wearing," he told me suddenly. "It's my poor friend Jock's kilt, and Sandy's plaid, and the cap from the skull of Fergus. So it is, as I think, but it's hard to make certain which of them is which, for, man, they're all skeletons. Sitting and lying and huddled together, I found my friends in the tunnel, and jewels by their hands and by their feet. Dear man, it was the grievous reunion with my comrades; five fine young men of the Cameronians, in that rich and bitter grave. So you found me mourning for the dead and playing the lament. For the sorrow of my poor friends and the sorrow of the world."

The story spilled out in a stumbling way that wasn't easy to follow. But I understood him all right. I said I was sorry, too, and he smiled at me, and then the water boiled and he became quite cheerful.

There were shreds of beef and scraps of fat afloat on the bubbling water to which he added a ladleful of tea and half a ladleful of sugar. I though this nauseous, greasy concoction delicious, and wondered if our tea at home wouldn't be improved by a dash of soup instead of milk. We chatted extremely amicably about music, bicycles, doves, pictures and the neighbourhood. I refused an offer of black twist but was pleased that it had been made.

I judged it prudent not to tell anyone about this agreeable tea party, but the news of Bertram's return soon got about.

It was only about five days later that a surprising thing happened. Half a dozen of my doves came back. I understood their message as though they'd spoken it or written with pen and ink.

"Daddy!" I yelled. "Come quick with me to Bertram's! Something's happened to Bertram. I know—half my dooes have come home."

My father was less impressed than I, but he did think it curious, and to satisfy me he came along while protesting that I was talking nonsense.

It was a very pitiful sight. My friend lay on his back before his hut with that big knife of his between his ribs; and his cherished possessions, his poor old bicycle with no pedals, his home-made bagpipes, lay sprawled on either side. On the roof above him a group of doves raised a murmurous clamour in soft shocked voices.

It did not seem that Bertram was in pain, but he roused from a swoon when we bent over him, and smiled faintly, looking glad of our company. I think we all knew that he was on the edge of death.

"That man who came," whispered Bertram, "made out I had jewels hidden. He thought when I went to see my friends it was the baubles I was after. I never took anything at all but the tartan in memory of my friends. You believe that, don't you, sir?"

My father said: "Of course I do. Why, Bertram, you never took anything in your life that didn't belong to you. Not so much as to poach game. You're honest and independent; I know it well."

The dying man looked downright happy at this tribute which was no more than due to him. He managed another little pleased smile, that had something rather child-like and charming in it.

"Tell me," my father asked gently and very clearly, "what greedy and savage man did this to you?"

PERHAPS Bertram didn't take in this question. Perhaps he actually preferred not to answer it, though why he should have compunction for such a murderer I should never understand. Or perhaps, with so fleeing a span of breath left him, he could only concern himself with things that he thought mattered. His eyes turned from my father's face to mine.

"You'll look after my dooes for me, will you not, Alec?"

They were almost all of them mine really, but I answered:

"Yes, Bertram. I'll be glad to care for your dooes."

"Good man, Alec," he whispered, and died in the peace of one who has rounded all things off to his gentle and just satisfaction.

His face was so calm and happy and dignified that for the moment I felt no grief. It was when my glance fell on his forlorn, pathetic bicycle that I began to cry. It looked so dead.

The rest of the doves came up to our house that evening, and indeed I was glad to look after them. Four or five were birds who had flown to Bertram's from other purchasers in the neighbourhood; so I got my unwilling loan back—with interest on it in the end.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

After a good day's work for Britain

—that's when beer is best

A HEALTHY COMPANION

Bob Martin's

What a walk he's had . . . chasing sticks as if his life depended on it . . . laughing, as a dog laughs, with bright eyes and lolling tongue. But your dog can't give you the best of companionship unless he's in good condition. To help keep his bloodstream pure a domesticated dog needs one Bob Martin's once a day.

Then, you'll find, you've got a first-rate friend, brim-full of energy and high spirits. Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets cost 8d. a packet and 1/8d. a large carton.

keep dogs fit

Fitting for men

Spire

A good-looking, good-wearing sports shoe in Tan Calf, with crepe sole. Excellent value at 54/-

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Because Sylvan dissolves instantly even in cool water — no harmful hot water to ruin gay and dainty colours. Then Sylvan whisks up to the richest lather ever, so there's no harsh rubbing to shrink and mat delicate, fleecy wool . . . just easy, gentle squeezing in the purest, mildest suds — that's why only a soap like Sylvan can keep your precious woollens softer, fleecier, lovelier.

DAINTY WEAR NEEDS

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"They're old shoes, but thanks to KIWI, you'd never guess HOW old . . ."

". . . KIWI really does keep shoes looking shapely and smart far longer. Not just because it gives a brilliant shine, but because its special waxes nourish the leather and keep it supple." "ALWAYS BUY KIWI."

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Ask also for KIWI BLUE and KIWI TRANSPARENT, specially manufactured for Ladies' Shoes

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Soothe away the austerities of the day with the Mild Havana Flavour of these grand little cigars.

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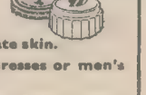
NEW IMPROVED CREAM DEODORANT

safely STOPS underarm PERSPIRATION



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Arrid 2/5 a jar

Supplies are rather better now, and you've a good chance of being able to get Arrid from your chemist, hairdresser, or local store. You'll find the new improved Arrid has been worth waiting for.

You Could SING

IF YOUR FRIENDS ALLOWED YOU

MECCA Cough PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 1'8 INC. TAX

BISTO KIDS painting series

F is for FOOLISH chap
Chasing his ball
Into the road
Without looking at all.

Here you are children—see how nicely you can paint this picture—most of all LEARN the rhyme and teach it to your playmates.

ISSUED BY CEREBOS LTD. IN THE INTERESTS OF ROAD SAFETY

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Continued from page 14

the thing men like that discuss, financiers, I mean?"

"Well, they might discuss so many things. Would it be a merger?"

"Something like that. So now when she comes in and sees him—well, am I going to look as if I'm discussing a merger with darling hubby? So I've got to be explained somehow, see? He's a quick thinker, I will say that for him. Well, you see, we'd noticed you at your table—'I wonder who that nice-looking man is,' I said, 'seems sort of lonely'—I'd just passed the remark, not thinking any more of it, so now he gets his idea. Because once you're at our table, he's all right. There he is, dining with Sir Joseph, and if Sir Joseph brings his wife along, well, he can't help it, can he?

"So he gets up and bows to her—don't suppose you noticed, you were telling me about that secret of yours—and then he goes up to her table and says, all smiles and handwash, I can just hear him saying it, 'Sir Joseph brought the wife along; used to be his secretary, knows all the ins and outs of the business. Well, I must be getting along, got to get back to his flat, he'd left some papers behind. How are you, John; how are you, Mary, nice of you to look after the wife while I'm so busy'—Cah! It makes me sick. I'm as good as she is, aren't I?"

"But not as married to him as she is," said Mr. Baker mildly.

"Who said I was, and who wants to be? He asked me to come out with him, didn't he? I didn't ask *him*. What's it matter to *me* what his wife thinks? If he couldn't stand up to her, he oughtn't to of asked me. How did I know he had a wife at all? What would he of thought if I'd said, 'Don't look now but there's my husband over there, you'd better pretend to be the Archbishop of Canterbury'? What sort of a way is that of having a nice little dinner together?"

MR. BAKER didn't feel competent to answer any of these questions, nor did he suppose that an answer was expected. All that mattered was that he had dined at the Savoy and had drunk David's health in Burgundy and champagne. Now he was sitting in a taxi with an extremely pretty girl. All this on David's birthday. Miss Flyte seemed to remember suddenly that he was there, and that she had certain obligations towards him.

"Victoria all right for you?" she asked.

"Yes. Oh, yes." He looked at his watch. "Catch my train nicely."

"I'm on the District. Ealing. D'you know that part?"

"No."

"Nice part, near the Common where we are. Married, I suppose?"

"Yes." She knew by the way he said it that he was in love with his wife.

"What I said about married men making me sick, didn't mean you."

"I'm sure you wouldn't have said so to me, even if I had."

"I just say anything that comes into my head when I'm angry, and if there's one thing that makes me angry, it's bad manners. What's your real name when you aren't Sir Joseph?"

He laughed and said "Baker."

"Mr. Baker," she said, looking at him, pondering the name and its owner, "What was that secret you were telling me?"

He coughed apologetically.

"I'm afraid I was a little—I must have been—it's the first time I've ever drunk champagne. And I'd already had half a bottle of Burgundy."

"I say, you *were* going it! What will Mrs. Baker say when you tell her?"

"She wanted me to have a good

Continued on next page

It's a most sensible form of headgear, so why all this prejudice?

IF THE CAP FITS

AT THE MOMENT I'm going through a painful experience. I'm trying to wear a new suit. Not that there's anything the matter with the suit. Or, at least, not so far as I can see in the glass. It fits me. It's of sober pattern and fairly good cloth.

It was made to measure by a skilled tailor, who assures me it's of the latest "West End cut" (for which he charged accordingly). Yet I can't feel happy in it. The thought of having to put it on is almost enough to make me decide not to go out.

I nearly always feel unhappy in new clothes. I like a suit that's grown old and mellow on me; a suit that's been through the hoop a bit and become an old pal.

My favourite old sports coat was made for me at home by a tailor-turned-cabman friend, thirteen years ago. He spent evening after evening on it—sewing it by hand. When he'd finished it he was very proud of it. He told me that no matter what rough wear I gave it, it would never lose its shape. It would always "hang right."

I've certainly put it to the test. I've worn it for cab-driving, bus-driving and tractor-driving. These last few years I've worn it for gardening and getting underneath the car.

Can't Bear to Part with It

Now, the sleeves are frayed beyond all hope; the elbows are out of it, and the pockets literally in rags. In front, the cloth is so worn that you can see through it, as if it were a sort of trellis-work. At the back, the lining flutters out behind in little tails.

But it still "hangs right." It's a wonderful old coat. I can't think, even now, how I can possibly bear to part with it. I can't allow a coat like that to end up in the rag bag. It deserves, at least, to go into a museum.

Part of the trouble with my new suit is that it isn't the kind I usually wear. My favourite wear is a jersey, or a sports coat, or one of those battledress-type windproof blouses, with flannel trousers and a cap.

But there are some occasions when that style of dress just won't do—if only because it's liable to embarrass your friends. One of my friends said the other evening, when I arrived to dine with him at his club, wearing a cap: "Only a millionaire could afford to dress as you do."

I said if a man couldn't dress to please himself he might as well be dead. But I didn't want to embarrass him. So I promised to wear my graveyard hat next time—a black felt hat I bought about a dozen years ago for a funeral.

Unusual but Comfortable

This funeral hat is nothing like as comfortable as my cap. Still, if I must choose between my own comfort and embarrassing a friend, I suppose it's up to me to make the sacrifice. And perhaps a cap does look a little unusual with my new suit—a dark pinstripe, another reluctant concession to formal-minded friends. But why shouldn't a man look unusual if he feels more comfortable that way?

It's astonishing, this modern prejudice against the cap. It isn't only in this country; it seems to extend all over the English-speaking world. When I wore a cap in Chicago, several people commented on it. "Even our *labouring men*," they said (as if a "labouring" man were the lowdown limit) "wouldn't be seen in a cap." They seemed unable to grasp the simple fact that I wore a cap because I liked caps.

The elderly cloakroom attendant at a Chicago club, turning my cap thoughtfully over and over in his hands, remarked that never in all his forty years at the club had he been offered "one of those" to hang up on his hooks.

But my saddest experience was in Omaha, Nebraska. One morning, a chap rang me up at the hotel and asked me my size in hats. "Seven and a half," I said. "Why?"

"Er—well," he said, "we've all been wondering whether you'd accept a little token of our esteem." (I took "we all" to mean the leaders of the local wealth and fashion—as he was one of the town's leading business men.)

Of course, I displayed a proper gratitude. But I couldn't think what a "token of esteem" could possibly have to do with my size in hats—until he explained. This he did with great delicacy, like a man testing the temperature of a hot bath with his toe.

They Bought Me a Stetson

They'd been wondering, he said, especially the women, how an Englishman would look in an American hat. So they were sending round to the hotel a brand-new broad-brimmed stetson, which they all felt would suit me perfectly. Would I mind wearing it while I was in Omaha, just to show I appreciated their little token of esteem?

This finally convinced me that my beloved old cap really was an offence in American eyes. If my American hosts felt all that badly about it, I couldn't in decency go on wearing it. So I sadly folded it up, put it at the bottom of my suitcase, and didn't wear it again until I was on the ship coming home.

I've never been able to understand this widespread prejudice against the cap. A cap has always seemed to me the most serviceable, sensible and comfortable form of headgear ever invented. Its peak shades the eyes in sunny weather; it keeps the head warm and dry in cold or wet weather. And when the weather is such that you don't need any kind of head-cover, you can fold it up and put it in your pocket. What more could a man wish for?

Some people say a cap looks undignified on formal occasions. I don't agree. If you go back far enough in history you find even kings wore caps—and on the grandest occasions. Look at Henry VIII, for instance. Who could look more regal and dignified than great King Harry? Yet in all his portraits (or all that I've seen), he wears the sixteenth-century ancestor of the modern cap.

In those days, most of the nobility and gentry wore caps. It's true they titivated them up with a brooch and a feather; but I've no objection to wearing a brooch and a feather in my cap if that will make it fashionable.

What I like about the cap is that it's so perfectly suited to its job; so efficient, so workmanlike. I wonder—can that be what's wrong with it? Is it *too* workmanlike? Is there a slight feeling of shame in looking workmanlike? Or of embarrassment at the thought of being seen in the company of a man who looks workmanlike? Surely not in the Britain of 1948! Aren't we *all* working hard nowadays?

Dressing for the Part

It's enough to make that sarcastic old American economist, Thorstein Veblen, chuckle in his grave. Veblen argued that all human society was based on a deep, if unspoken, belief that only mugs work. This belief was shown in many ways—particularly in dress. The ambition of all right-thinking people, therefore, was to dress as if they didn't, couldn't and never needed to work.

Well, that's exactly how I feel in my new suit and funeral hat—a hapless, hopeless, useless ornament. And if I'm going to make this painful sacrifice in order to please my formal-minded friends, I think the least they can do is to buy me a few drinks when they meet me out in it, so as to cheer me up.

It's only fair that this suit should cost them at least a fraction of what it's cost me. They'll be getting all the pleasure of it. I shan't.

THIS HAPPENS TO SOMEBODY EVERY FRIDAY

COMING back for lunch to 28 Isandula Road, Basford, Nottingham, the other Friday, thirty-nine year old reader R. A. Eite noticed a telegraph boy at the house opposite.

"Knowing the *Bullets* First Prize-winner gets a wire on Friday, I wished the boy was at *my* house," he told us. "Then my wife opened the door—to hand me the £250 message which had arrived from Long Acre an hour before!

"I've enjoyed every minute I've spent on *Bullets*," he added. "My previous best was £5 and a Christmas prize."

Amuse yourself with *Bullets* this evening—and soon *you* may be reading a thrilling Friday telegram, with news of £250 in immediate cash and a fine feast for Christmas.

CHEQUES and 137 XMAS FEASTS!

"Bullets" Prizes value over **£500**

£250 1st Prize plus XMAS LUXURY PARCEL

£25 plus Parcel–£10 plus Parcel

£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

each plus Xmas Luxury Parcel

25 14-lb. XMAS PARCELS

100 4-lb. XMAS CAKES

1,500 "Good Shots," with £10 Opportunity

UP TO 100 BOXES of CRACKERS

Enter eight or more *Bullets* and your Xmas Cake will be accompanied by fine Box of Crackers.

CHRISTMAS PARCELS like this one containing Xmas Pudding, Crystallized Fruit, Crackers, Jam, Cherries in Syrup, Soups, Sweetmeats, etc., etc., have been secured as Christmas Prizes for "Bulleteers." Another big batch will be won this week.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Recipe For Peace	Auntie's A Film Fan, So
In Our Hearts	Done Up
Man's Nightmare	In Hot Water
Come On, Uno	Doesn't Follow
Russian Iceberg	At The Office
The Politicians	He Let Himself Go
Inviting	And
Guardian Angel	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Wider And Wider	Youth's.....
Spoilt The Picture	Ran Into.....
Stream Of Abuse	"Don't Be.....!"
The Necessary	..... Influence
Wheels Within	Fearful.....
Wheels	When ..... Returned
Cheerful Chap	

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 13, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,653 (or Xword 605) "John Bull," "LongAcre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to get help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 13 containing **XMAS FEASTS**

If this is your first specimen copy please mark × in this square.

466

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE

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BULLET

EX.

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B.

EX.

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B.

EX.

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B.

Fee: 1s. for 4 or 6d. for 2 "Bullets"—plain paper efforts, same rate.

Closing Postmark, **1,653** MON. NOV. 1

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

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"Bullets" Winners No. 1,649

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus CELEBRATION WEEKEND: Mrs. E. Dodd, 103 Whitchurch Lane, Edgware:

IN BRITAIN'S QUIET "WAYS," HER "FAIRNESS" SEEN

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Weekend: J. Bell, Ham Hall, Scruton, Northallerton: ADDED TO PEACEMAKER'S — PROBLEMS, VISHINSKY'S "LET'S DISARM!"

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Weekend: Mrs. A. C. Bagrie, 7 Lawrie Street, Glasgow, W.1: PATIENT JOHN—CRIPPS LAUDS, THEN LOADS!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: W. N. R. Spray, 184 Curzon Street, Long Eaton, Notts: RESCUED—MANY, BY MONEY "BY." £8: Mrs. H. E. Morgan, 10 Pipers Lane, Edgmond, Newport, Salop: WHEN WINTER COMES—"GATHERING STORMS"? BE "WINSTONS"! £7: S. Townend, 15 Lower Brow Road, Paddock, Huddersfield: CIGARETTES—THOSE WHITE CYLINDER THINGS! £6: Miss A. Prescott, Cross Lane, Halsall, nr. Ormskirk: WHAT WE EAT—"JOKE," BUT KEEP CLEAN!

FIVE of £5: H. Aspin, 3 Burnsall Avenue, Blackpool: WHO'D BE A MOTH WHEN—BATTLE-DRESS KEEPS BEING BRUSHED? J. V. Hardy, 137 Cheadle Old Road, Edgeley, Stockport: BEFORE SHE SURRENDERS—BRITAIN *Tunnelling* TO BERLIN! T. D. Mills, 39 Carisbrooke Road, Newport, I.o.W.: VILLAGE VILLAIN—WITH SEVERAL "UNDERSTUDIES," FOX! C. D. Robinson, 47 Cochrane Park Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 7: VILLAGE VILLAIN—"WOOING" *Both* OUR TOBACCONISTS! B. Schofield, 71 Irwin Road, St. Helens: BEFORE SHE JUMPED—AUNTIE CONSULTED BURNING HOROSCOPE!

20 Prizes of £1 and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated November 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 601 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Beers. 4, Hides. 5, Hat. 7, Parents. 8, Sower. 10, Neat. 11, Glide. 14, Yeast. 15, Ale. DOWN: 2, Lines. 3, Rent. 6, Barn. 9, Kedge. 12, Lee. 13, Pet.

THREE £100 SHARERS: F. W. Beecroft, 75 The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; L/Bdr. Butler, R.H.Q., 77 H.A.A. Regt., R.A., Larkhill, Wilts; J. G. Watson, 209 Oakdale Road, Carlton, Nottingham. Winners receive Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Services in addition.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 29 entrants.

XMAS CAKES and PUDDINGS for XWORDS

Awards value up to £250

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

DOUBLE XMAS BONUS of Xmas Cake and Pudding with every prize value 5s. and over

THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 35 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and a welcome prize with a Christmas Cake and Pudding may be yours.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — XWORD 605

1. Rejoices many hearts
3. Club's drive occasionally puts one in hole
9. Youngster studying wild flowers is helped if he has this of countryside
12. Even the best boss has got to be this sometimes
13. Average man feels pleasurable excitement when called to
14. Don't make for really good conversation

Down Clues

1. May be powerless to repair damage caused by flood
2. Often may have been used as a tool
4. With the this of a jolly tune a man may for a time forget his worries
5. Ought to be clear
6. Gets proper attention from keen first-aid man
7. There are big stretches of English countryside without any these
8. It's probably a serious illness if it makes one
10. There are times when a man simply can't avoid one
11. May sometimes ask for a welt

MORE XMAS FEASTS with THIS WEEK'S PRIZES

1 P	E	2 A		■	■	3	4 A	L	L	■				
L	O	U	■	■	5		I	D	O	6 L				
A	N	G	L	E			■	■	W	E				
	■	■	■	L	7 H	■	8	■	■	S				
T	E	R	■	9 L	O		E	■	■					
E	M	■	10	■	■	■	■	A	D	O				
R	U	11 B	I	E	S	■	■	K	E	N				
■	■	O	L	D	■	■	■	■	G	■				
■	12	O	L	D	■	■	■	13 B	A	■				
605	■	■	■	14 Y	A	■	■	N	S	■				

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated November 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

605 Closing Postmark, MON., NOV. 1

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Continued from previous page

dinner, because, you see, she—we—we had a son early this morning."

"First?"

"Yes."

"Was that the secret?"

"Yes. I didn't tell them at the office, because I thought—well, it was something rather—I know this sounds silly——"

"I shan't laugh."

"Well, sort of sacred between Maggie and me. Just for today. I didn't want jokes about it."

"And now you've told me."

"Yes, but that's different somehow." She looked at him wonderingly.

"How long have you been married?"

"Ten years."

"What are you calling him?"

"David Alistair Shawn," said Mr. Baker shyly. "Shawn was his mother's name."

The taximan opened the window behind him and said, "Which line?"

"Main line," said Miss Flyte, and to her companion, "I'll pay."

"No, no," he protested. "You forget, I didn't pay for my dinner."

"D'you mean *he* paid?" Miss Flyte laughed happily. "Well, that's a good one. That's cheered me up a lot. All the same, I'm going to pay the taxi, and you can put half a crown in David's money-box specially for me. See?"

"Oh, that *is* kind——"

She leant across to him suddenly and kissed him on the cheek.

"And that's for yourself. Because you're different from all the others. See?"

The taxi drew up at the station, and they got out.

Mr. Baker was happy. He'd done it. He had dined where he had said he would, he had toasted David in champagne and it hadn't cost him a penny. His son, he felt modestly, could be proud of him. The Bakers were not to be despised. When put to it they could hold their own with the best in the land.

What a story to tell Maggie!

Except for that last moment. That, he felt instinctively, must remain untold. The fragrant memory of that touching, unexpected kiss was for himself alone. The thought of keeping anything from Maggie made him a little uneasy, but he assured himself that men and women must always have secrets from each other.

When, for instance, Sir David Shawn-Baker was Ambassador in Paris, there would be many matters which he would not confide to his wife.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Wants to Sell Toys

A READER WHO INTENDS starting a Christmas club for the sale of toys writes:

"*I shall obtain the toys from a manufacturer or wholesaler. I am hoping to get a stall in the local market, but, failing this, I shall deliver direct from the wholesaler to the customer. In either case, do I need a licence of any sort?*"

Toy trading in itself does not require a licence, so you can go ahead with the Christmas trade, sell from premises and deliver any orders placed with you.

Selling in the street or from door to door is another matter and must be covered by one of two licences. If the articles are to be carried by you personally, a pedlar's licence must be obtained from the police. If you trade from a barrow or vehicle, a hawker's licence is needed. You can get this from the local or county council offices.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN . . .

WEAR A Services SPORTS WATCH

Modern style, jewelled Swiss Lever movement with centre second hand. Chromium case, stainless steel back. Silvered, luminous dial only. Ask your local Services Agent, or write for particulars.

HENDON Model

87'8

Guaranteed for 2 years.

THE SERVICES WATCH CO. LTD.
Dept. B.10, Jewry Wall, Leicester

INDIGESTION

. . . cause and remedy

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland Indigestion Tablets, are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Sold by all chemists, 1/8d., also in 10d. packets (including tax).

A word to expectant Mothers

As you know, the right kind of food makes all the difference to your health and well-being when you are expecting a baby. Here are three simple rules that help you to look forward to a happy, healthy waiting time.

1. Make a point of eating all your own rations. Don't "sacrifice" any to other members of the family.
2. Eat plenty of salads, lightly cooked greens, and other vegetables.
3. Above all, *take all your extra allowances of foods and vitamin supplements, from the time you know Baby is on the way.* These are :

ORANGE JUICE : ALSO COD LIVER OIL OR VITAMIN A & D TABLETS

You should take these vitamin-rich foods every day, without fail. They help to keep you fit, build resistance to infection, and help Baby to develop the foundations of good health, sturdy bones and fine teeth.

MILK. In addition to your ordinary allowance, you are entitled to an extra pint of milk a day, at 1½d. a pint or where little money is coming into the home, it may be available free. Milk is the finest "all-round" food, rich in material to build Baby's sturdy body and in growth-promoting vitamins.

EGGS. You are entitled to an extra shell egg on each allocation and one packet of dried egg free of points in each 8-week period. Eggs are another food rich in body-building nourishment and protective vitamins.

MEAT. A half-ration of meat a week in addition to your ordinary ration adds to the body-building food you need at this time.

FRUIT. You get an extra allocation on every ordinary allocation of Oranges. Take advantage of this health-giving and pleasant addition, but don't leave off your Orange Juice. Your supplementary book also entitles you to ½ lb. bananas on each allocation.

How to get YOUR EXTRAS

Get a certificate from your doctor, midwife or health visitor. Take it to the Food Office, and you will receive a supplementary Grey Ration Book (RB7). Use this book to get your extra milk, meat, eggs and fruit from your usual retailers. It also contains coupons for your Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil or Vitamin Tablets, which you get from a distribution centre — your Food Office will tell you your nearest one. The Cod Liver Oil or Vitamin Tablets are free, the Orange Juice is 5d. a bottle (but free for those entitled to free milk).

When Baby is Born

The Grey Ration Book must now be handed back to the Food Office, but you will get a Green Ration Book which entitles Baby to a priority allowance of milk, the full range of rations (other than tea) and Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil, and you will be able to get Vitamin A and D Tablets for yourself for 30 weeks after Baby is born.

ASK YOUR FOOD OFFICE about anything else you want to know. Don't hesitate—the staff is there to help you !

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.208)

Don't neglect his COUGH!

Children are more prone to coughs and colds during our trying winter months, and a neglected cough may lead to more serious bronchial troubles in future years.

Lobelline is your safeguard this winter.

At the first sign of a cough in the family, whether it is a child or a grown-up, you can rely upon Lobelline for immediate relief. Purely herbal, quick in action, Lobelline stops the tickle, cuts the phlegm, soothes the chest, restores normal breathing and ensures a good night's sleep. Children love taking Lobelline, it has such a nice flavour.

Always keep a bottle of Lobelline handy.

From Timothy Whites & Taylors, Boots and all chemists, 1/7 and 3/9½ per bottle, including Purchase Tax, but supplies are limited.

Lobelline
For every kind of Cough

Work a Joy

when healthy kidney action has relieved rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles

"I don't worry I take Doan's."

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well known kidney medicine has relieved these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4 **Ask your chemist for**

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

SOLVES YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS

Over 150 *lovely*

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SUPERB 256-PAGE BOOK for 'JOHN BULL' READERS

HERE in good time to meet the Christmas season is the most practical, helpful book you've ever seen. **256** fully-illustrated pages, packed with clever ideas and clear instructions for making over **150** charming, useful gifts. Save money, coupons, purchase tax, delight friends with lovely, "full-value" and really personal presents. Something for every member of the family to make and give—in knitwear, raffia-work, leathercraft, woodwork, plastics etc. "Gifts You Can Make Yourself (2nd Series)" will be a stand-by for years; paying for itself over and over again. Incidentally, the book's a grand gift in itself. Size 9 in. x 6 in. Complete with full-size pattern inset. Standard edition bookcloth 6s. 6d. **De Luxe** edition, **superfine bookcloth 7s. 6d.** Prices include postage, packing, brochure, insurance, etc. Don't risk delay ACT AT ONCE.

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SAVES CASH ! SAVES COUPONS !

Make these splendid gifts at home

Soft toys
Two-way doll
Toy truck
Muff and scarf
Leather belt
Cardigan
Hood and mitts.
Painted tray
Work basket
Shopping bag
Pullover
Knitted tie
Book ends
Tennis holdall
Duchesse set
Table mats
Biscuit box
etc. etc.

FREE SET OF PATTERNS WITH EACH VOLUME

BAD SKIN TROUBLE

Two Antiseptics

There are two antiseptics in Valderma. Each is deadly to germs that cause common skin troubles. Together they get right into the skin and kill off those germs. Immediately you smooth the Valderma over the troublesome spot, you can feel it start to tingle. That means it's getting to work at once. Irritation ends. Spots disappear. Cuts and sores clear up with amazing speed. If your skin does not improve quickly you may have a more serious complaint—so see your doctor. Valderma is white, non-greasy and non-staining. You can't see it on the skin. Ask your chemist for a jar of Valderma and relieve those skin complaints *now !*

★ **Valderma, the white non-greasy balm, will quickly relieve most skin troubles.** ★

Keep a jar handy for—
CUTS
ECZEMA
BURNS, RASH
and many other
SKIN TROUBLES

DOUBLE ANTISEPTIC
Valderma
THE *Non-Greasy* BALM

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